**Did you ever give your Teeth a**

# *Beauty Bath*

**as New York Models do?**

FRAGRANT, stimulating—it gives your mouth new freshness, your teeth new brilliance and allure. You've got a delightful new treat ahead of you if you will change to Listerine Tooth Paste.

This is the dentifrice so dainty, so refreshing, so beautifying in effect that many exotic New York models use no other. Living by their smiles, these lovely women know all beauty aids—tooth paste in particular—as few ordinary women can.

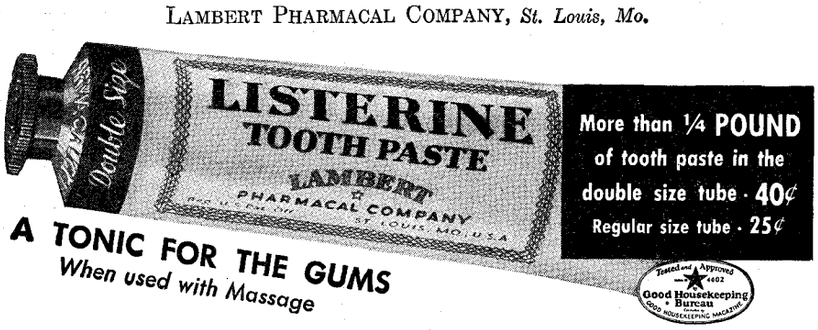
Their choice is to be expected; after all, Listerine Tooth Paste is made by the famed makers of Listerine. That guarantees its merit—its safety.

***There's a Reason***

Contained in this dentifrice is a rare combination of gentle cleansers, satin-soft in texture, that were especially chosen by beauty experts, working with dental authorities. No other tooth paste contains this exact formula. They cleanse and brighten in a way that makes ordinary dentifrices seem ineffective. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste is safety itself.

Try it a month and see for yourself what a real beauty aid it is.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*





# The Literary Digest

## FOR JANUARY 23, 1937

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## *Contents*


FINANCE AND INDUSTRY..... 36
FOREIGN COMMENT..... 10
LETTERS AND ART..... 22
NAMES ..... 29
OFF-SIDE ..... 40
PARADE ..... 16
PSYCHOLOGY ..... 20
PRESS ..... 30
RELIGION ..... 27
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE..... 17
STAGE AND SCREEN..... 21
SOCIAL SCIENCE..... 32
SPORTS ..... 33
THE SPICE OF LIFE..... 40
TOPICS IN BRIEF..... 9
TOPICS OF THE DAY..... 3
WAR ..... 26



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## *Mail*

### Effluvium

Sir:—In your "Off-Side" of December 5, you refer to Marysville's offending garlic factory as being "planked in the middle of the town."

There is no need for this imputation of weakness in our California-grown garlic. We claim that for pungency, breath-taking fetidity, and sustained density in flight, our product has an effective range of well over 7,000 yards, instead of the few blocks implied in your article.

Even at several miles, with favorable atmosphere, any amateur could readily paddle the effluvium into solid cakes with a tennis-racket.

Yuba, California. C. G. SEWARD.

The Editors of THE LITERARY DIGEST stand corrected.

### Now It Can Be Told

Sir:—Congratulations on your December 26 issue. The articles were all good, but especially interesting was the one on the human heart.

Now that you have resumed a cover design which measures up to your standing as a first-class digest of the news, political, artistic and scientific, I am sending copies to a friend in Brazil who is interested in subscribing to the best American review.

SAMUEL M. KLAGES.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

*(Continued on page 39)*

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# The Literary Digest

NEW YORK JANUARY 23, 1937


## Topics of the day

# 44TH INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT

## Roosevelt Takes Office in Colorful, Simplified Ceremony

The stately city of Washington cast off its marble-crusted dignity this week and assumed the mingled aspects of a county fair and a Fourth of July celebration. By excursion train and motor-trailer, thousands of American families had moved on the Capital, had taken over all of its hotels and rooming-houses, and were prepared to drop into its cash-registers almost half a million dollars during their visit.

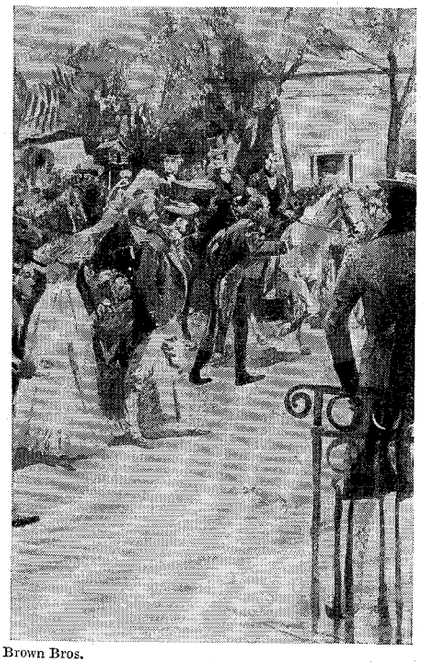
The occasion: the Inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt — and America's quadrennial display of pageantry.

It is a show that America has reveled in forty-four times, including Presidents re-elected and Vice Presidents who have succeeded to the Presidency.

**Washington-Jackson**—There was Washington, for example, nervous, hesitant, embarrassed in reading his Inaugural Address from the balcony of Congress Hall in New York City.

Between the terms of Washington and Jackson, the Inaugurations were simple ceremonies held indoors, with most of the excitement reserved for an imported institution called the Inaugural Ball. But, with the induction of Jackson, precedents for grandeur were set which have continued down to the present. He was the first President to take the oath of office on the east portico of the Capitol. His was the first ceremony to which visitors flocked from all parts of the country.

So excited was the crowd over the ascendancy of this new leader from the West that a ship's cable had to be wound around the platform from which he spoke to save him from being crushed by his admirers. The jubilant mob burst into the White House to pump its hero's hand. Men trampled furniture with their mud-caked boots, broke china, and gulped down gallons of orange-punch.



Brown Bros.

William Henry Harrison, bareheaded, rode to his Inauguration on a white horse

Admiral Grayson received regrets from the President

**Harrison**—Because William Henry Harrison's successful campaign had been based upon blunt and demagogic appeals to emotion, his Inauguration topped even Jackson's in size, elegance and frenzy. The Hero of Tippecanoe was honored with quantities of cider and fine coonskins.

Political clubs and partizan groups of all kinds, trained on a diet of torchlight parades during the campaign, comprised a good portion of the Inaugural Parade—for the first time.

The "Old Warrior" himself was a dashing figure on his fine white horse. Without coat or gloves, and hatless, he braved a raw northeaster which was whipping through the Capital that March 4. He saluted countless ladies. He danced through three balls. But exposure proved too much for his sixty-eight years. Exactly one month after taking the oath of office, he died of pneumonia.

**Lincoln**—No President has been sworn into office under conditions more trying than those which Lincoln faced. Scarcely a month before, the Confederate States of America had been formed. Roof-tops bristled with rifles. Gen. Winfield Scott had his artillery atop a hill at the north entrance to the Capitol grounds. A double file of cavalry rode at either side of the President's carriage.

Strangely enough, the central figure of the show leavened the tense atmosphere with a touch of comedy. As the rangy President rose to deliver his address, he found his stove-pipe hat somewhat of an obstacle. He fumbled it clumsily. Finally his arch political rival, Stephen Douglas, stepped forward to relieve him of it, remarking: "If I can't be President, I at least can hold his hat."

**Cleveland**—Inauguration was a keen disappointment to at least one mistress of the White House. Mrs. Grover Cleveland had grown fond of Washington and life in the Executive Mansion. On March 4, 1889, she found it hard to say good-by to her staff of servants. To one old colored retainer she remarked: "Now, Jerry, I want you to take good care of all the furniture and ornaments in the House, for I want to find everything just as it is now when we come back again. . . . We are coming back just four years from to-day."

Then she walked out into a torrential rain with her husband, who rode down the Avenue with Benjamin Harrison, sheltered under a borrowed umbrella.

**Taft**—But Harrison's rain was a light summer shower compared with Taft's blizzard. For the first time since the days of John Quincy Adams, the Inaugural oath had to be administered indoors.

The jovial new President kept his good

Acme

Benjamin Harrison stood under a borrowed umbrella when he was inaugurated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Photos © International—Keystone—© Underwood

The first lady's personality and strength shine through her endless activities: gracious as a hostess; inquiring as she visits miners; active on horseback and sympathetic as she visits crippled children

humor. "I always knew it would be a cold day when I was made President of the United States."

**Joke**—Last week, President Roosevelt had a joke of his own to add to the pages of Inaugural history. In response to an invitation from Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, Grand Master of Ceremonies, to attend this year's Inauguration, he sent an engraved message:

"The President regrets that because of the rush of official business he is unable to accept the courteous invitation to be present at the Inauguration of the President of the United States January 20, 1937."

An "F.D.R." postscript at the bottom of the regret message read: "I have rearranged my engagements and work and I think I may be able to go—will know definitely January 19."

**Cuts**—As Inaugurations go, Roosevelt's would not be a big one, as the crowds this week knew. The Inaugural Ball had been cut out and a concert put in its place. To spare marchers and spectators, the parade had been cut from the usual four or five hours to two.

But what it lacked in magnitude it promised to make up for in snap and color. Plans called for a strictly military parade comprising crack marching units of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.

Annapolis and West Point Cadets were scheduled to swing into line.

The only civilian note would be a detachment of thirty-one Governors, and a battalion of CCC boys "armed" with spades, picks and axes.

The crowd packed along the curbs of broad Pennsylvania Avenue this week would get no bigger thrill from the striding soldiers and the blaring bands than would the tall thick-shouldered man who was to review the parade from the glass-enclosed stand on the White House lawn.

**Retrospect**—President Roosevelt's mind would wander back to that chill, gray March 4, 1933, when America was perilously close to panic. In February, the Governor of Michigan had declared a bank holiday. One by one, other States had done the same, until, by Inauguration day, virtually every bank in the country had slammed its doors. In the last three weeks of February, frightened depositors had taken $1,000,000,000 out of banks to hoard it under mattresses and in dusty attics.

Stock exchanges and grain markets were closed. Business was stagnant. Farmers were getting less for their corn and wheat than they had received in sixty years. Some 15,000,000 men and women were out of work and dependent upon local charities for their food and clothing. Countless home-owners lived in constant fear of foreclosure.

So serious was the domestic situation that in his first Inaugural Address the President scarcely touched upon foreign affairs. Japan was sinking her teeth into northern China to the accompaniment of sputtering from the League of Nations. Bolivia and Paraguay were in the eighth month of their bloody and futile Chaco war. Hitler had become Germany's Chancellor and had just dissolved the Reichstag. But Americans could think only of bread lines and foreclosures, so the President spoke chiefly in those terms.

**Present**—That was four years ago. This week, the President could look out over a sea of faces no longer taut, drawn and anxious.

Unemployment was reduced 27 per cent.

Corn was selling at $1.26 a bushel (24 cents in 1933.)

Wheat was selling at $1.51 a bushel (47 cents in 1933).

Weekly factory wages were up 66 per cent.

Recovery was the prime Roosevelt objective in 1933. It was apparent this week that one of his 1937 objectives is to hold on to Recovery and to consolidate what has been accomplished. Thus, last week, he thrust under the nose of a startled Congress a plan for complete reorganization of the Executive branch of Government.

Chiefly he asked: (1) establishment of two new Cabinet posts—a Department of Social Welfare and a Department of Public Works; (2) six assistants to act in liaison between the White House and department heads; (3) a system of auditing appropriations after they have been spent, rather than before, as the Comptroller General now does; (4) creation of a Planning Board, controlled by the President, to help map out long-range programs of public works.

**Strikes**—The President looked anxiously at strikes in the complex automobile industry. They might blast business off the ladder of prosperity unless he outlined steps for Congress to take toward industrial legislation.

This was some of the work to be done. Generally, the President could look forward to a bright second term. In contrast to his first four years, affairs abroad would be his main concern. At any moment, sparks from war-plagued Spain might sail across the Pyrennes and set Europe afire. Germany, Italy, Russia were arming as a matter of principle. France and England were arming just in case.

Memories of khaki-clad doughboys marching up gangplanks and off to war were still bright in American minds. America wanted neutrality. Recovery had been the goal in 1933. Peace would be the goal in 1937.

## TIRELESS LADY: Eleanor Roosevelt Charms as Public Precedent Breaker

"Dear God, please make Eleanor tired."

So runs the legendary prayer which reputedly falls from the trembling lips of the maids, secretaries, chauffeurs and Secret Service men who follow in the train of America's First Lady.

But Anna Eleanor Roosevelt* Roosevelt is tireless. She is the essence and symbol of that restless energy which, in less than two centuries, wrought the world's No. 1 nation out of wilderness.

This week, as she beams down upon the Inaugural Parade from behind the President's broad back, she will be embarking

*She was a Roosevelt before she married a Roosevelt.

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on the second four-year hitch of the most strenuous career any woman in the White House ever had; embarking on it with that priceless sense of humor which enables her to laugh at the tale of the child who, hearing the *Robinson Crusoe* saga, opined that the footprints on the desert isle must have been those of Mrs. Roosevelt.

**Aids Soldiers**—Eleanor Roosevelt was leaving footprints long before her husband attained the goal of every American boy. The mother of six children* (one died in infancy) is not apt to be idle.

When her husband became Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the Wilson Administration, Mrs. Roosevelt took up war work in Washington, making sandwiches, ladling coffee and handing out food to soldiers and sailors in troop-trains at all hours of the day and night.

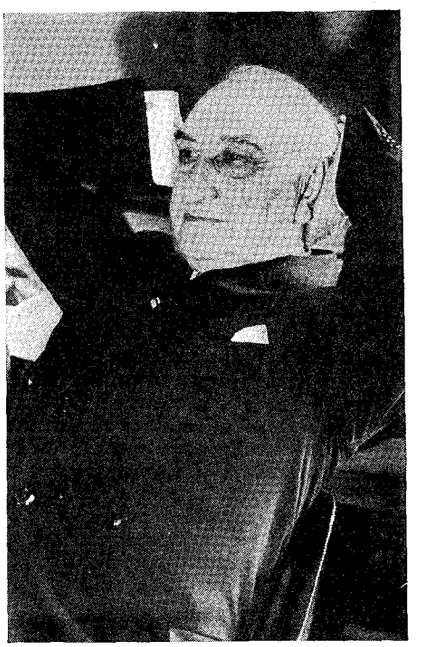
She took small part in her husband's campaign for the Vice Presidency in 1920, but when he was stricken with infantile paralysis the following year, she became an active participant in politics, the twice busy hands and feet, eyes and ears of her husband. Then too, his morale had to be kept up; she must convince him that such a handicap was an asset, not a liability; that because of an inability to travel geographically, he had before him a golden opportunity to travel mentally, thinking out and understanding the problems of a nation. She made the trips he could not make.

**Traveler**—When he was nominated for President, she continued as a busy and valued adviser to the Democratic National Committee. Having traveled more than 50,000 miles by plane, rail and in her own famous roadster during her first fifteen months in the White House, she soon became recognized as one of the major sources of the President's vast and detailed information about people and conditions in the United States.

Her defiance of precedent in a thousand ways was discussed all over the country, the first wave of opposition being succeeded by an appreciation of the value of her work for her husband and the people of the country. Always her sense of humor prevented her from being discouraged by criticism. She loved it when jokesters told about how Admiral Byrd set two places for supper in his South Pole shack "just in case Mrs. Roosevelt should drop in."

**Defies Conventions**—Outstanding among broken precedents, begun by the President himself when he flew to Chicago to thank the Democratic delegates for his nomination to the highest office in the land, and carried on by the First Lady to defy convention, are the following:

1. She is the first President's wife to continue her own career in the White House.
2. The first to hold regular press conferences.
3. The first to travel by air.
4. The first since the first Mrs. Roosevelt to serve food at receptions and punch at musicales.
5. The first to have traveled so widely, so extensively and tirelessly, and to have examined conditions at first hand and under all situations.
6. The first to drive her own car on long trips and to refuse the guard of Secret Service men except when she is with the President.
7. The first to walk unrecognized among miners' wives in West Virginia and to descend into the mines in the regular cage for first-hand inspection of conditions.
8. The first to cross a dam (the Norris) in a cable-car.
9. The first to drive over mountain trails (in Kentucky) and to win a walking marathon with reporters (Chicago Fair).
10. The first to wander as a tourist through San Francisco.
11. The first to announce with courage and dignity that her son (Elliot) was seeking a divorce.
12. The first to make a fortune (for charity) by speaking. (In sixteen weekly radio talks of fifteen minutes each, Mrs. Roosevelt made $72,000, which she gave to the American Friends Service Committee for social work.)



Frank Loesch: "Nothing throws such fear of law into young hoodlums as a sound whipping"

13. The first to entertain girl textile workers (from Alabama) in the White House, and to give a garden party to inmates of a school for delinquent girls.
14. The first to edit a magazine *(Babies, Just Babies)*.
15. The first to write a syndicated newspaper column, and to assist in the management of a furniture factory (Val-Kill).

**Private Citizen**—To less ambitious mortals, what seems strangest of all is that the First Lady of the Land should choose to live like a human being; to maintain the privileges and pleasures of a private citizen. Never before has a President's wife engaged in so many activities, seen so many people of so many kinds, received and answered so many thousands of letters—or taken the stump for a friend.*

Not for a long time was it known that she contributed her earnings to charity, and when it was leveled at her that she should harken to the wisdom of a woman's place being in the home, she retaliated in a magazine article by saying that the conception of a home comprising only the four walls of a house was too outmoded.

But the domestic amenities of her home have been by no means neglected. She has taught women the world over that there is as graceful and dignified a way to scramble eggs for a Prime Minister (which she did for Ramsay MacDonald on March 24, 1934) as there is of advocating in a formal lecture the abolition of militaristic toys for children; that a woman can knit in the Senate Gallery with as much charm and composure as she can attend an Embassy or Legation tea in a simple street dress instead of elaborate afternoon attire (society women of Washington have learned from her it is not ruinous to their reputations to wear the same evening gown two seasons); and that there is a funny side to everything, even when one's youngest son comes home from school with twenty-two guests, and one has to prepare an unexpected supper for 100.

**Unceasing Seeker**—Mrs. Roosevelt is of vigorous intellect; her chief characteristic: unceasing seeking. "Go out and see for yourself," is her motto, "if you want to make other people *feel* what you have seen. The only thing to be afraid of is fear."

She says it convincingly, for she is convinced. When, through her guidance, her husband overcame fear during the early stages of his illness, his battle was won. "It is the battle of every individual; the battle of every nation."

The White House has known no hostess more gracious. The most coldly formal reception is made pleasurable by her presence. She is not beautiful; not even physically attractive in the opinion of many, but her every-day manner and conversation on any subject bear an ineffable charm that is completely winning. She has the rare faculty of making the White House seem, even to strangers, a real home. No guest has ever failed to feel the abiding warmth of her hospitality.

Alive, curious, seeking, actively humanitarian, pitying, sincere, Eleanor Roosevelt perfectly supplements the character of the man who is her husband. It would not be fair to say that without her he would be any less a great man, but it is possible to say sincerely that without her he might never have been President.

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## KIDNAP CURSE: Survey Brings Cure Suggestions as Nation Gasps at Snatchings

"America must be rid of this type of reptile, if it takes the Army, Navy and Marines to do it."

Thus the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* voiced the anger and horror of the nation when ten-year-old Charles Mattson of Tacoma, kidnaped and held for $28,000 ransom, was found slain last week—victim of a fiend.

As President Roosevelt pledged all efforts of the Government to capture and punish "the perpetrator of this ghastly crime," millions of American parents wondered what could be done to eradicate a menace that reached its climax in the Lindbergh case and has broken out sporadically ever since.

As a result of the most publicized kidnaping in history, Congress passed the

*The five living: Anna (Mrs. John Boettiger), James, Elliot, Franklin, Jr., John.

*Mrs. Caroline O'Day, who in 1934 ran for Representative-at-Large from New York and was elected.

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Wide World

Valentine: "antiransom law will not help"

so-called Lindbergh Law, providing not less than ten years imprisonment for kidnaping, or death if the jury so decrees. State laws provide penalties, ranging to life imprisonment, or, as in California, death if the victim has been harmed.

But these statutes are not effective deterrents, as the Mattson case tragically demonstrated. What else can be done? Seeking answers that might point to a solution, THE LITERARY DIGEST asked a number of authorities their opinions on such questions as:

**Questions**—1. An antiransom law.

2. What should be done about perverts who infest every community and who are potential criminals?

3. Is the lash more effective in curbing perverts and young hoodlums than brief jail sentences?

4. Other specific measures to prevent kidnaping.

Several interesting recommendations, some of them sharply debated, were received:

1. An antiransom law to end the profit motive.

2. Registration of all ex-convicts.

3. Unrelaxing vigilance by police to curb criminal element (as in San Francisco, which has not had a kidnaping in thirty-five years).

4. Permanent police details to apprehend perverts and degenerates.

5. Whipping squads for schools to handle unruly students.

6. The lash for criminals.

Some of the opinions:

**Senator Henry F. Ashurst**, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee: "I am the first and only man in Congress to introduce a bill to make payment of ransom in kidnaping cases a felony.* I sincerely believe that this is the true solution to the whole kidnaping problem."

**Frank J. Loesch**, former President of the Chicago Crime Commission: "Nothing throws such fear of the law into young hoodlums and potential criminals as a sound whipping by authority. Our perverts and hoodlums have increased and are increasing fast by reason of the abolishing of corporal punishment in our schools. Moral suasion by the teacher has failed on unruly boys. The teachers are physically incapable of administering proper physical punishment.

"I favor adding to the school staff of a city a few strong men who shall do all the whipping, going from school to school as needed for such boys as shall by a proper school committee have been designated for such punishment. I will guarantee their jobs will be sinecures after half a dozen thrashings, but what a saving there will be to the public, the teachers and school discipline!"

**William H. Sears**, Chief of Police, Seattle: "As a preventive measure in kidnaping, I would suggest legislation requiring the registration of all convicts as they move from place to place, and a checkout upon place of residence.

"I favor an antiransom law, thus eliminating the main feature—monetary gain.

"The queer and mentally deficient cases should be detained and taught under medical supervision. This should also apply to perverts.

"I believe in the whipping of all criminals convicted of crimes of violence, patterned after the laws of Canada, which punishment is administered on entering and before discharge. I find from talking with criminals who have gone through this punishment that they dread a repetition of it."

**William J. Quinn**, Chief of Police, San Francisco: "There has been no kidnaping for ransom in San Francisco since the turn of the century. We boast of having no racketeers, gangsters, kidnapers or organized criminals, and believe their absence from the community results in peace and security for decent citizens.

"I do not favor an antiransom law, believing it works a hardship against the kin of victims who will sacrifice anything to save the kidnaped loved one.

"I am opposed to whipping potential criminals. Modern police halt the development of potential criminals such as young hoodlums by winning their friendship and properly directing their energies. The newly-organized Police Big Brother League in the International Association of Chiefs of Police coordinates police efforts along these lines.

"A permanent detail in the San Francisco Police Department apprehends degenerates and perverts. Prosecution and jail sentences make this class realize they are known and not wanted in the community.

"An effective weapon against kidnaping would be greater police efficiency, which can be effected by cooperation between police and citizenry, and removal from police departments of politics."

**Lewis J. Valentine**, Police Commissioner of New York City: "From the standpoint of human torture and offense against society, kidnaping is worse than murder. In my opinion, a law which makes it an offense to pay a ransom, or agree to pay a ransom, would not discourage kidnaping.

"It is easy for a law-enforcing agent to tell the parents of a kidnaped child that their duty to society is of greater importance than 'buying back' their son or daughter. Yet, I question whether we in authority would refuse to accede to ransom demands if our own flesh and blood were concerned."

**Representative J. Buell Snyder**, of Pennsylvania, sponsor of the Lindbergh Law: "I think that a law prohibiting the payment of ransom would do much at this time to help solve the problem of kidnaping.

"As per my former bill introduced in Congress two years ago, kidnapers should be brought to trial immediately.* It would also be provided that the public, press and the movies should be eliminated from hearings and trials in kidnap and murder cases.

"I do not mean that the press should not have news of results of trials, but I do think that sensationalism in kidnaping and murder cases, as far as the public is concerned, should be kept off the radio and out of the major head-lines in our newspapers and magazines. I say this in making a plea for the youth of the nation."

**Senator William H. King**, of Utah, ranking member of the Senate Judiciary Committee: "I do not favor a law to prohibit payment of ransom. That, in the first place, is for the States to determine. There should be no Federal law on the matter."

*The bill, introduced in 1934, died in committee. It provided a fine of $5,000, two years' imprisonment for payment of a ransom.

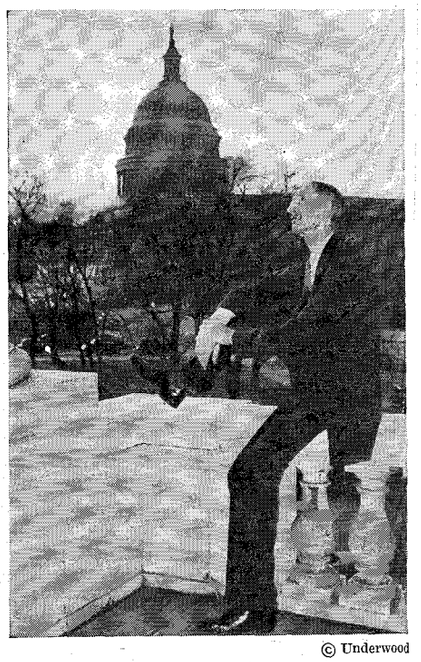
*Another provision of the bill offered by Representative Snyder, but struck out, was that convicted kidnapers be shot by a firing squad within forty-eight hours of conviction.

## 'MIDST MEMORIES: Disappointed Candidates Return to Private Retreats and Hobbies

Welkin ringers of the 1936 campaign whose pointing with pride and viewing with alarm got them exactly nowhere, have resumed the rôle of innocent bystanders as the business of Government marches on.

Left in their tracks as the political parade passed on November 3, these men and women have turned to a variety of pursuits to pass the time or make money.

Foremost is the man who carried the ball for the Republicans, but was thrown for a touch-back, former Gov. Alfred M. Landon of Kansas. Serene after his defeat, jovial as ever, he announced just before



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Guy V. Howard, sixty days a senator

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leaving the Governorship last week that he planned to become a "country gentleman." Independently wealthy through his oil properties, he has bought a 160-acre tract of land near Topeka, where he will indulge his favorite hobby—horseback-riding.

Another outstanding "ex" is ex-Senator Guy V. Howard, Minneapolis Republican, who startled the politicians by grabbing a Senatorship for two months and received $3,332 for doing nothing. Howard knew the law. When a Senate seat is filled by appointment, it must go on the ballot at the next election. Elmer A. Benson, the appointed Senator, expected to serve until January. But, at the last minute, Howard registered his candidacy for the remainder of the term. The sole candidate, he was elected.

After a vacation trip to Panama, Howard plans to resume his job as an insurance salesman in Minneapolis. Other "exes" are vacationing, traveling, working or "doing nothing in particular". They include:

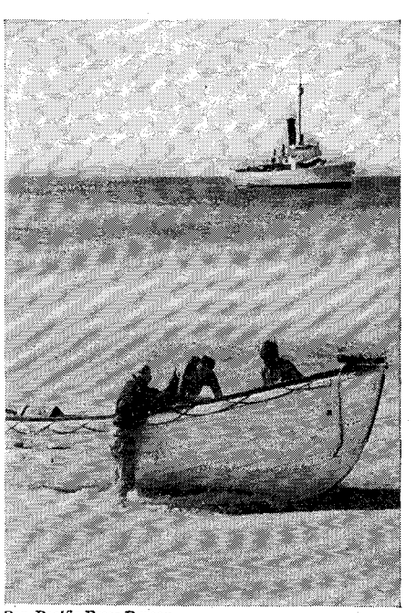
**Widow**—Mrs. Rose McConnell Long, of Louisiana. Widow of Senator Huey P. Long, she completed his term in the Senate, serving for eleven months. Not a candidate for reelection, she is now living at her New Orleans home with her family. Her present interests center in the activities of her daughter, Rose, a student at Louisiana State University.

Mrs. Florence Kahn, former Representative, of California, is living quietly at her San Francisco home; "not doing anything in particular at present."

Lester J. Dickinson, of Iowa. As a former Senator and Representative—he served in the House from 1919 to 1931, and in the Senate for the next six years—he finds it hard to break away from Washington. He is still there, expects to remain a couple of months; later, he may return to Algona, Iowa, and practise law.

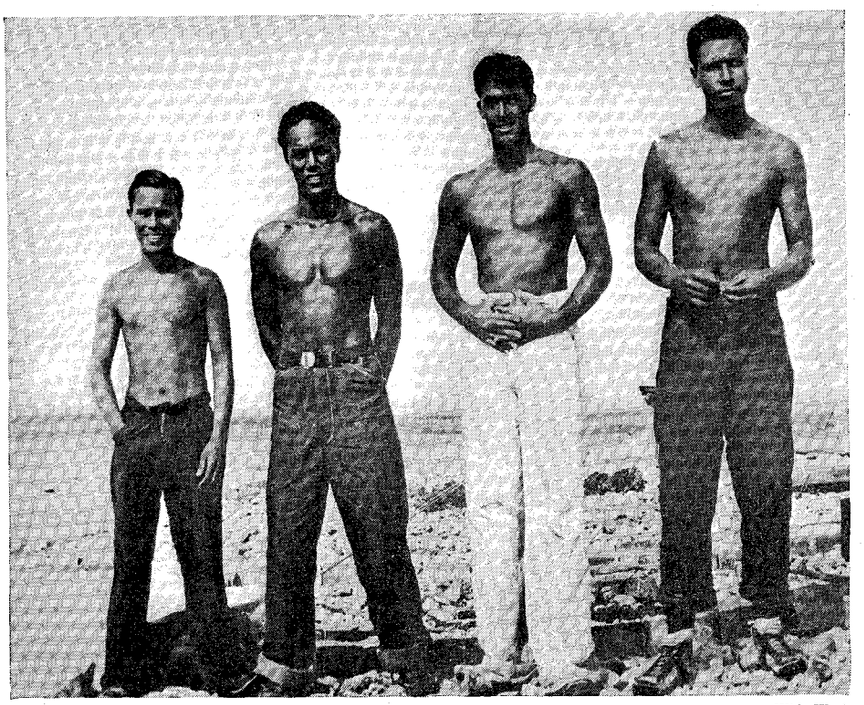
W. Warren Barbour, former Senator, is at his Locust Point, New Jersey, home. Head of a thread-manufacturing concern, he was not out of an official job long. Governor Hoffman appointed him Chairman of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Board, and he was sworn in on January 7.

Jesse Houghton Metcalf, two-term Senator from Rhode Island, is living in Providence. He and his brother control a company operating four textile mills, and he also is interested in various banks, insurance companies, philanthropies.



Pan-Pacific Press Bureau

Young colonists arrive at Jarvis Island



Wide Worl

George West, Henry Ahia, Dan Tommey, Frank Corbett put up trespass notices

**Rancher**—Robert D. Carey, former Senator from Wyoming, is living at Careyhurst in that State, managing his extensive ranch properties.

Daniel O. Hastings, former Senator from Delaware, living in Wilmington, plans to resume his law practise.

Chester C. Bolton, former Representative from Ohio, is ill at his farm home near Cleveland.

Vito Marcantonio, former Representative from New York, who made himself conspicuous in his single term, has resumed his law practise in New York City.

Schuyler Merritt, former Representative from Connecticut, and formerly the oldest member of the House—he is eighty-three—is passing the winter at Lake Wales, Florida. A banker, he served nine terms as a Representative.

Isaac Bacharach, veteran Representative from New Jersey, who served from 1915 to last January 1, returned recently to Atlantic City after a vacation in Florida. He insists he is "going to attend to his real estate business and make some money."

## PACIFIC DOTS: Islets Coveted as Aviation Prepares for Antipodes

Before Pan American Airways flung an all-American air-mail route across the Pacific from Honolulu to Manila, Howland, Baker and Jarvis Islands were pin-point red dots on an all-British map of the greatest ocean. To-day, possession is nine points of the law.

Map-scanners last week looked at these three bits of sand and coral near the equator. For eighty years they had been treeless, grassless bits of soil, a dozen feet above the lapping Pacific, charted only in musty files at Washington and London.

What caused aviation editors to thumb through forgotten envelops in newspaper morgues was an Associated Press dispatch, picked up from the San Diego *Union*, saying that a new twenty-ton Pan American Airways clipper-ship had left Miami for San Francisco. This giant plane it was reported, would survey a new sky trail to the antipodes from Honolulu to Australia-New Zealand.

Dan Sayre, Pan American's genial, robust contact man with the press, soon put inquiring reporters right—the *Union's* story was a "stumer." The great flying-boat would not operate out of Honolulu for the next five months. Had they thought twice, aviation editors would have realized that flying-boats on the Honolulu-Melbourne route would be as out of place as sail-makers on an ocean greyhound.

**Island Boss**—Next year, however, there may be an air-mail line to the antipodes. Getting ready for it is one of the Government's oddest jobs. R. B. Black, of the Department of the Interior, is boss of *Uncle Sam's* three new desert islands.

Way-stations on the air-line to Suva, Fiji (British), Auckland, New Zealand and Melbourne, Australia, they are as coveted to-day as if their coral were gold. They lie in a strategic position along this sky-trail.

Few persons ever had heard of them until the Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* slipped down there last summer from Honolulu. On each were landed four boys from the Kamehameha School to take and keep possession for the United States. Their first job was to set up leaden plates warning "trespassers" that this was American soil.

As colonial administrator, Mr. Black has twelve citizens under his jurisdiction, four on each islet. America's newest frontier—the air frontier—is governed from Honolulu, tho these islets are not yet part of the Territory of Hawaii. Only means of communication is by the *Itasca*.

**Heavy Seas**—The cutter, on her first trip, took along building materials, seedlings and cuttings for ironwood, cashew, mango, breadfruit, Hawaiian oranges, passion-fruit

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and sea-grapes. On her second voyage, there were tractors and plows to turn bumpy natural landing-fields into smooth tarmac runways.

This week, another Coast Guard cutter, the *Duane*, is *en route* for Howland Island with Mr. Black, Robert Campbell, Divisional Airport Inspector for the Department of Commerce; a naval air pilot, six Army enlisted men and several WPA workers. Two tractors and a cement-mixer will be landed for constructing two air-plane runways.

Land-planes rather than flying-boats will be used on the 5,000-mile service to the antipodes. Already, these landing-areas could be used for emergencies, but water surrounding the islands is too rough for seaplanes to make a safe landing and tie up for refueling and inspection. These landing-fields are a mile long, face directly into the prevailing winds and are sufficiently wide for their purpose.

Angry seas beat directly on the shore, surf booms and piles up in wintry weather until landing even by skiff is dangerous. It is a lonely life the twelve native-boy colonists lead, but a life that any live American boy would jump at. They are bound there for six months until others replace them, but they all want to stay if they can.

**Old-timers**—Flotsam and jetsam on the beach where they landed tell of shipwrecks and survivors who stayed years until they were taken off. Back in the 'fifties and 'sixties these three were guano islands where laborers shoveled into sacks deposits left for centuries by mewing sea-birds, sent them to fertilize rocky soil of far-off New England. Weathered boards still mark graves of sailormen buried by skippers of Yankee clippers of another era.

On Howland Island there is a trench several hundred feet long and a hundred-odd feet wide, ten to fifteen feet deep, landmark of bygone Polynesian colonists who dug down for water to grow their favorite taro crop.

Then, these three islands were nameless. To-day, their status is complicated by different theories of annexation. To satisfy British laws, it is necessary only to discover a pin-point on the map and plant the Union Jack. For the United States, continuous possession must be established. Some sort of "gentleman's agreement" is the likeliest solution.

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## **STRIKE:** General Motors and Union Workers in Deadlock; Commentators Blame NLRB

Strike clouds over Flint, Michigan, parted just enough to let a glimmer of sunlight through last week, then rushed together again to cast thickening gloom over America's giant motor industry.

In the most complicated labor tie-up of the Roosevelt Administration, five potent forces collided in a shower of sparks as the week came to a close:

1. William S. Knudsen, Executive Vice-President of General Motors, announced that his company would make no attempt to remove machinery from its plants if the sit-down strikers encamped on the property would move out.

2. Homer Martin, President of the Automobile Workers, agreed to order the sit-downers to evacuate. But he promptly canceled the order upon learning that Knudsen had promised non-striking workers that General Motors would "never tolerate domination of its employees by a small minority." Martin could see only one way of interpreting this statement: that General Motors was about to bargain not only with the Union, but with the non-striking, non-union workers comprising:

3. The "Flint Alliance." This organization, claiming to represent 95 per cent. of all General Motors employees, wired Knudsen that its members did not see "why they should be delayed resuming their jobs for two weeks or more while negotiations with representatives of this small minority (the United Automobile Workers) are in process."

4. John L. Lewis announced that, despite statements to the contrary from Homer Martin, his Committee for Industrial Organization would insist that the U.A.W. be recognized as the bargaining agency for all employees in negotiations between company and workers.

5. The American Federation of Labor turned this newest and most serious industrial war into a disorderly free-for-all by insisting once more that no matter what agreement was arrived at between Knudsen and Martin, it would pertain in no way to the automobile industry's handful of craft unions.

Wide World

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Knudsen (left) and Lewis . . . their war at Flint enters its third week

**Question**—Columnists and editorial writers, struggling desperately to untangle this skein and give the newspaper-reading public a clear view of the battle-field at Flint, could only ask: Why hasn't the National Labor Relations Board exercised its power under the Wagner Law to find out whether the U.A.W. does or does not represent the majority of General Motors employees?

Wrote Hugh S. Johnson: "The Labor Board didn't horn in, probably because the first question it would be its unavoidable duty to determine is: 'What is the appropriate bargaining unit—the separate plants, the whole industry, or crafts within the industry?'

"But this is the very question over which John Lewis and his C.I.O. split with William Green and his A.F.L. The whole craft-*vs.*-vertical union question would be dumped, red hot and sizzling, squarely on the knees of Government as represented by the Labor Board—which isn't provided with any asbestos aprons just now, and which decidedly and distinctly didn't want any part of this threatened hot lap—even as a counter-irritant to the hot seat on which it is sitting before the courts."

**Flaw**—Dorothy Thompson agreed that "the Labor Relations Act is not accomplishing its declared objective of 'diminishing the causes of labor disputes.' No law will accomplish that purpose which does not more clearly define rights plus procedures, ideas plus plans, and which does not also clearly define and limit the powers of the Board which administers it, so that the Board is a tribunal and not a legislative body!"

Congressmen questioned by THE LITERARY DIGEST were generally of the same opinion.

Said William P. Connery, Jr. (Dem., Mass.), who helped draft it: "All the machinery necessary for complete collective bargaining is contained in the Wagner-Connery law. The method originally intended by Senator Wagner and myself in sponsoring this legislation was that majority rule should prevail and that workers by majority vote should select their representatives to bargain collectively. Whenever there was any doubt as to the majority, an election should be called by the National Labor Relations Board. There was in the auto strike a moral obligation . . . to take action."

**"Knotty"**—Sen. Henry F. Ashurst (Dem., Ariz.): "A board is, by definition, long, narrow, and wooden. It is often, in addition, quite knotty. The National Labor Relations Board fits in the general category. Its recent actions are no more than can be expected from its innate nature."

Sen. Rush D. Holt (Dem., W. Va.): "The Board should not have dodged the issue. It should be impartial, no matter

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who is at fault. The auto strike has really hurt the legitimate labor movement. The ineffectiveness of the Wagner Law in this case is not due to the inadequacy of the law, but of its enforcement. By lack of administrative impartiality, the law loses honest effectiveness."

Rep. John Lesinski (Dem., Mich.): "The Wagner Law is ample to take care of strike situations if the Supreme Court will only pass favorably upon it. It was not the place of any Federal Government agency to step into the situation until State authorities had exhausted all their means and capacities for mediation."

Meanwhile, the American public, noting that the sit-down in General Motors had cut automobile production by about 12 per cent. in two weeks, wondered if this new technique could not just as effectively cripple any other of the great mass industries. Had labor the right to sit down on private property and then use this possession as a bargaining implement?

**Weapon**—Carried to its logical conclusion, use of this weapon meant to David Lawrence:

"A group of employees of a store can seize the cash-register or the keys to the store-rooms and keep the proprietor from getting access to either one or both.

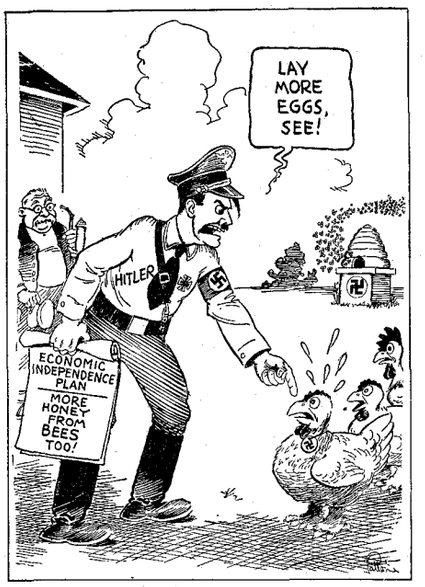
"Employees of a railroad can take possession of trains and not allow the railroads to move them until demands are met."

**No Word**—Not since the first sit-down strikers dropped their tools three weeks ago had word come from the White House as to the President's attitude toward this new strike technique devised by John L. Lewis and his fellow-strategists of the C.I.O.—Charles P. Howard (of the International Typographical Union) and Sidney Hillman (Amalgamated Clothing Workers).

Throughout the motor strike, Martin has made much of the disparity between his salary and those of Knudsen and Sloan. Nevertheless, the workers are not without funds. Lewis's United Mine Workers contributed $458,418.91 to the Roosevelt 1936 campaign fund. Every one of the 400,000-odd members of the United Mine Workers is being assessed $1 for January, $1 for February, to push C.I.O.'s campaign for industrial unionization—and to push Martin's fight against General Motors.

JUST AS SHE STARTED TO LAY GOLDEN EGGS
—T. Brown in Springfield Republican

# Topics in Brief




THE BUSY DICTATOR
—Jack Patton in Dallas Journal

EDWARD and Wally are experiencing the fierce light that beats about the thrown. —*Dallas Morning News.*

STRIP-DANCERS continue to flourish and the officials don't seem to get anything on them.—*Portland Evening Express.*

DR. REXFORD GUY TUGWELL will now proceed to adjust the molasses business to the more abundant life.—*Chicago Daily News.*

IF YOU THINK punctuation doesn't matter, try shifting the comma in that news head: "Alice Marble, Champion."—*Sales Management.*

OHIO INVENTOR devises a bell worn on the Adam's apple to wake up dozing drivers. St. Peter has been using a harp.—*Dallas Journal.*

THE TREND appears to be about the same everywhere. Even in Spain, when there's a boom, the real estate goes up. —*Boston Herald.*

IT IS POSSIBLE to imagine a condition where sitting up with a sit-down strike might become more tiresome than going to work.—*Troy Record.*

A COLLEGE STUDENT in Peoria, Illinois, is said to have confessed to ten house burglaries. Working his way through, presumably.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE NAZIS are publishing pictures of American bread lines, as if that helps to make German stomachs feel more comfortable.—*Portland Evening Express.*

THE good-will pacts ratified at Buenos Aires are not to be opened to European subscribers. The western hemisphere has just about decided to live alone and like it.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

THE New York Union League Club has announced its determination to admit Democrats to its membership. The choice was either to admit Democrats or to move to Maine or Vermont.—*Hartford Courant.*

THOSE who sow the seeds of war apparently overlook the fact the only bumper crop they can expect is one of widow's weeds.—*Los Angeles Times.*

MAN Who Croons Marries Girl Who Yodels.—Head-line. The choir will now please rise and sing, "Oh, What Shall the Harvest Be?"—*Washington Post.*

ONLY TWO per cent. of the nation's income went for charity in 1936, the lowest in many years. The plan now seems to be, let *Uncle Sam* do it.—*Wichita Eagle.*

AS THE new arms race grows hotter abroad, the diplomatic repartee becomes blunter. There is taunting to-night on the old camp ground.—*Portland Oregonian.*

IN SPITE of stream-lining, they say it's as hard as ever to worm a pair of skis through the alley at the drawing-room end of a Pullman.—*Portland Oregonian.*

THERE is, so to speak, a greater resemblance than appears on the surface between prayer-meetings and peace conferences; the people who need them least attend.—*Troy Record.*

LITTLE is heard of the old Spanish prisoner hoax, that once wrung the hearts of the gullible. A Spaniard, alive and well and in a strong jail, is doing nicely for now.—*Barron's.*

## Columnists' Corner

There will be one trouble with Henry Ford's car with the rear motor: you won't know whether it's your own car, or a traffic policeman's motor-cycle chasing you.—F.P.A. in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

"So I have shamefully followed you in order to sincerely await punishment," says Marshal Chang, who is said to smoke opium as well as split infinitives.—H. V. Wade in the Detroit *News.*

Hard luck marks us for her own. The other evening in a motion-picture theater we got wedged in between a snuggling couple and a boy eating peanuts, behind a giant and in front of a guy with an awful cough. And no *Donald Duck!*—Olin Miller in the Atlanta *Journal.*

Jimmie Durante has made his first New Year's resolution. "I," Jimmy confided, "am gonna join the women —so's I can forget the Foreign Legion."—Leonard Lyons in the New York *Post.*

A wife, snow-bound in Nevada, sent a snow-shoe messenger to ask the court to postpone her husband's divorce action for five months so that she may contest it. Possibly she'll spend the rest of the winter singing: "When it's springtime in the Rockies I'll be coming back *at* you."—George Ryan in the Boston *Herald.*

Was it Eddie Cantor who first used the perfect squelch? Anyhow, during a "Midnite Follies," a customer threw a penny on the stage. "Only one kind of animal throws a cent," said Eddie. —John Chapman in the New York *Daily News.*

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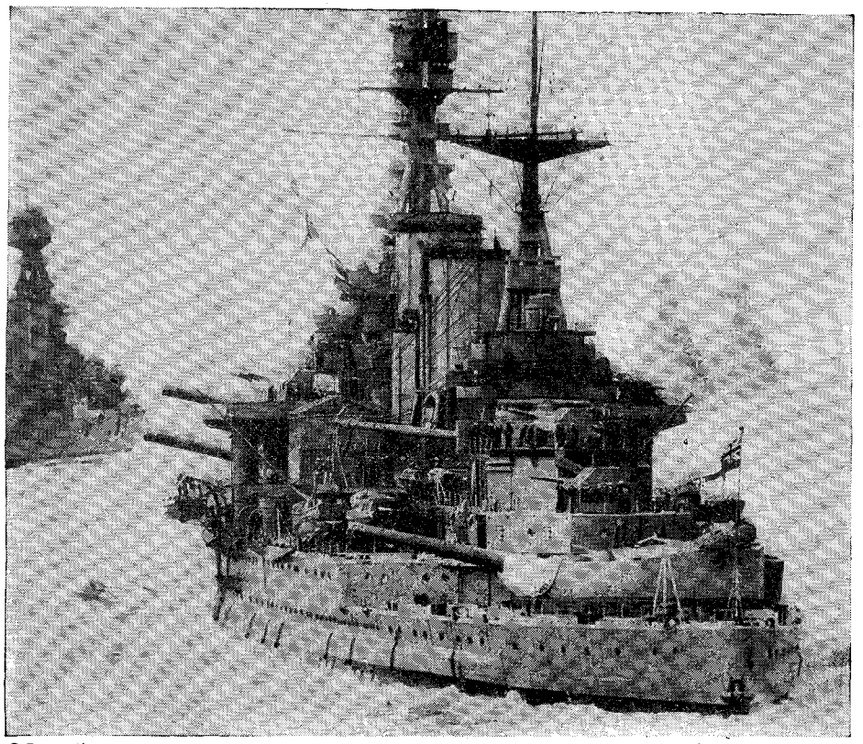
## *Foreign Comment*

# HITLER REASSURES FRANCE IN CRISIS

## Goering and Mussolini Agree Franco Will Win in Spain



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England's mighty fleet: full steam ahead to join the maneuvers off northern Africa

In French Morocco last week, native troops and regulars got war-time orders. Along the northern shore of Africa, the French Navy demonstrated its superiority over the German, while Britain's mighty Home Fleet put up steam for a trip to Gibraltar. Meanwhile, the entire French press, from red to ultraconservative, ranted against the Reich's encroachments in Spanish Morocco.

At this tense moment Adolf Hitler, unusually elegant in tails and a white tie, appeared in the Presidential Palace on Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse for his annual reception to the Diplomatic Corps. The Papal Nuncio, its dean, was ill, and it fell to his junior in length of service, the French Ambassador, to voice the prelate's greetings.

"At the beginning of a year which is so burdened with alarm and anxieties," André Francois-Poncet read, "it is a consolation that we assemble here on friendly terms, that we can give a place in our hearts to hope, and that we express an ardent desire for cooperation to obtain a better future for all the nations. . . . In the new year, may peace reign among all the nations and within each individual nation."

*Der Fuehrer's* reply echoed this hope.

Then to the amazement of gaping diplomats, Hitler drew the paunchy Frenchman aside and chatted with him cordially. He assured France that he had no intention of disturbing the *status quo* in North Africa; Francois-Poncet likewise promised to respect it. At that, the virulent press campaigns died down in both countries, and the French Foreign Office announced that the latest crisis had passed.

It then developed that the crisis had existed only in the imaginations at the Quai d'Orsay; and Yvon Delbos, whom opponents had called a "Foreign Affairs Minister to whom foreign affairs are foreign," emerged as the instigator of as neat a diplomatic bluff as Hitler ever pulled.

French spies who infest Spanish Morocco had reported the construction of unneeded barracks and other Insurgent preparations for the arrival of thousands of German troops at Moroccan ports. Once they landed, Hitler could not have withdrawn them without an intolerable humiliation which might have meant war on the Rhine. So Delbos proceeded as if that crisis had already arisen, and thus prevented it.

That was France's only victory last week. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Economics Minister, who had scheduled a visit to lay the corner-stone for the German building at the Paris Exposition this summer, suddenly announced that he was too busy to go. The real purpose of his trip was to draw up a trade agreement; the secret of its postponement was that Germany decided not to come to further understandings until she knew just where she stood with Italy.

**Fencing**—Gen. Hermann Wilhelm Goering, Air Minister, journeyed to Italy for a "vacation" which seemed doomed from the start, since numerous *attachés* and experts accompanied him. In Rome, *Il Duce* put him up in the beautiful Villa Madama reserved for official visitors, and loaded him with attentions. At the last minute one dinner, for which all foreign diplomats had been asked to hold the evening open, was limited to Germans and Italians. The two bulky Fascists put on a fencing match, which a witness described with admirable discretion.

"Mussolini was faster and more agile," he said. "He showed his years of constant training. Goering was the stronger. He evinced a surprizing speed for a man of his size and showed himself to be an accomplished swordsman."

In the conferences which interspersed the festivities, they found themselves in absolute agreement on their premise: Gen. Francisco Franco and his Insurgents must win in Spain. The discussions hinged on what further help they could rush to him before entering a non-intervention agreement to prevent France and the Soviet Union from lending further aid to the Leftists. Latest estimates place the number of foreign volunteers on the Left at 15,000, while Italy had reputedly contributed 26,000, Germany 40,000, to Franco. With these men, they believed, he should be in a position to obtain a quick victory, end the tension.

**Britain Alone**—They had reason to congratulate themselves on one of their chief purposes—the isolation of France from Britain. Altho the two Powers had previously issued joint notes on Spain, Britain acted alone last week. Reviving a law of 1870 which was designed to keep Britishers —and Britain—out of the Franco-Prussian War, the Government published and broadcast warnings that volunteers in either Spanish army were subject to fines and two-years' imprisonment. It urged France, Italy, Germany, Portugal and the U. S. S. R. to pass similar legislation immediately.

While the Powers delayed their replies like nervous cats, Premier Léon Blum of France introduced a bill which failed to match Britain's gesture. It gave him power to ban volunteers, but only when the Fascist States agreed to similar action.

The United States, however, immediately followed Britain's example. The State Department warned Americans that foreign enlistment carries a maximum penalty of three-years' imprisonment and a $1,000 fine; that recruiting is also a crime.

**"Seclusion"**—Interrupting the Rome conversations Saturday night, Mussolini "went into seclusion," a habit of his before periodically startling the world.

On Sunday, Goering, gigantic in his tent-sized hunting-togs, left for a day's shooting with five-foot King Victor Emmanuel at Castel Porgiano. They did not hunt.

Driving rain kept them indoors throughout the morning; and after lunch the King, who hates (1) trailing big men, (2) sloshing about in the wet and (3) hunting in any weather, drove home, leaving Goering to sit the rain out with the lesser guests.

Week-end trial-balloon to tempt France to slough off her red ally, Soviet Russia, was a proposed revival of Mussolini's pet—the Four Power (big-Power) Pact of June 7, 1933.

Signature of this ill-starred document by *Il Duce* and the British, French and German Ambassadors (the other Powers' way of showing lukewarm enthusiasm) was dimmed in this country by Secretary of State Cordell Hull's famous *faux pas* of the same date. Putting into Cobh, Ireland, on his way to the London Economic Conference (his first big show), Secretary Hull startled the British Empire and made top head-lines the world



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over by toasting Eamon de Valera as "President of the Irish Republic," non-existent, then, as now.

**Purpose**—Avowed 1933 purpose of the Mussolini pact was a decade of Continental peace ruled by the big Powers (minus Russia), big-Power economic collaboration, treaty revision, if at all, through Geneva, respect of territorial integrity of League members.

Immediate result was an all-small-Power uproar, Poland threatening to quit the League within twenty-four hours, twenty others denouncing Continental rule by a "superleague of armed giants."

The end came when, late in 1935, Mussolini himself violated the Pact's territorial integrity promise by invading fellow League member Ethiopia. Pact buried, Hitler began wholesale treaty revisions, not through Geneva, but by mailed strength, threats, shaken fists.

Its proposed revival after such a history and in the present crisis reeked like a basketful of red herrings opened to drown the aroma of what was really afoot.

Gain time by making conversation among Europe's Chancelleries it might; but until (1) Spain's blazing threat of Continental war was eliminated and (2) Premier Léon Blum and all other Popular Front Cabinet leaders were eliminated from French politics, it looked like no temptation to abandon the Russian alliance for one with two Fascist neighbors, neither of which is trusted in France.

**Leak**—Real purpose of the Goering-Mussolini talks leaked out of the Insurgent Spanish Embassy in Rome, where P. Garcia Conde, *Charge d'Affaires*, boasted that a German general, "well known strategist" (name not disclosed), was about to land in Spain to take over Gen. Francisco Franco's command in all but form, and put punch in the war.

Good reason for haste, simultaneously disclosed in Berlin: cost, to Germany, of "keeping German volunteers in Spain," is $5 per day per volunteer, which runs into money Germany can not afford.

First sign of speed-up: renewed attacks on Madrid and—wonder of wonders—active campaigning in the south by Seville's Gen. Gonzalo Quiepo de Llano, "only general who can talk eight pounds a day over the radio."*

Quitting the palms and geraniums of Seville for the first time since the war's opening in July, he drove two columns around the western end of the Sierra de Tolox Mountains through lovely eucalyptus- and pine-groves along the beach toward Malaga.

**Under Fire**—Hitherto out of the war zone and practically undefended, the tiny fishing port of Estapona, fifty miles from Malaga, and the equally tiny Marbella, thirty-eight miles away, fell under fire from 20,000 men with artillery, sixteen bombing planes and the war-ships *Almirante Cervera* and *Canarias*.

De Llano's advance to Malaga, like General Franco's to Madrid two months ago, seemed likely to stop only at the city gates.

Monday morning firing on Madrid approached World-War artillery thunder as Rebels launched the fiercest attack since they reached the city two months ago.

Last week's skirmishing, exploding of three great Government mines in the Rebel-held University City ruins, local attacks on the Rebel detachment isolated for weeks in the Clinico Hospital, and sporadic bombing raids on the city were instantly forgotten as the continuous roar of heavy guns told that the long-awaited decisive battle for Madrid had begun.

Evacuation of the civil population took on new speed. Leftist politician Margarita Nelken proclaimed to Madrid women:

"You are a nuisance. You have no right to cause a shortage of food by staying in Madrid"; and ordered the overalled cuties of the militia to the coast.

Meanwhile, two disillusioned volunteers, Bert Acosta and Maj. Gordon Berry, landed in New York, to be met by a United States Attorney with subpenas summoning them before a Federal Grand Jury. In addition to their service, the Government was curious about the mysterious individuals who solicited their enlistment, reputedly in New York hotel rooms.

**Disappointed**—Acosta, pilot on Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd's transatlantic flight, was pale and thin. The fliers who fought for the Loyalists, he said, had received only a few *pesetas* for cigarettes, instead of the promised $50 a day. The Americans received obsolete British and French commercial planes instead of bombers. Armed only with pistols, they dropped bombs weighing from twenty to a hundred pounds on Franco's fortifications and troops—never civilians.

"If our trip to Spain has served to focus attention on the need of more stringent neutrality laws and results in the enactment of such legislation," they announced, "we will all be happy."

*He forces Seville to print his daily broadcasts verbatim. Longest one required eight pounds of print-paper, both sides.

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Adolf Hitler and Andre Francois-Poncet entertain a cordial relationship

## SCOT CLANS: Catriona Maclean May Rival Flora MacLeod as Woman Chieftain

In the great pile of mist-splashed masonry that is Dunvegan Castle, Isle of Skye, which lies in Ross-Shire, directly off the middle western coast of Scotland, lives a bonnie Scots lassie who is the first woman to head a Highland clan. Daughter of Sir Reginald MacLeod, Mrs. Flora MacLeod is the twenty-fifth chief of the great

Robert Capa from Black Star

International Brigade in Spain: for English boys who join—two years in prison

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MacLeod clan, rules all the scattered MacLeods with old-time pomp and circumstance as *the* grandiloquent "MacLeod of MacLeod."

Last week, the Scottish courts mulled over delicate points of lore and law which may provide her with a rival. Upon their decision rested the claim of succession to the chieftaincy of the Clan Maclean of Ardgour, to the south in Argyllshire, of Miss Catriona Louise Maclean, seventeen, daughter of Alexander Maclean, sixteenth Laird and Chief of the Ardgour sept or branch of the Clan Maclean. Alexander died in 1930 without male issue.

**Contested**—Promptly, a nephew, Lieut. Com. Henry Hugh Maclean, contested her claim as her father's successor on the ground that the headship passed to male in preference to female heirs.

As quick in wits as her forebears were with battle-axes, Catriona while her peach-blown cheeks flushed, shot back that clan title must pass to lineal heirs, regardless of sex.

Forthwith, in accordance with tradition, she petitioned for the "undifferenced armorial bearings" matriculated by her father in 1909 and asked for recognition as head of all the Ardgour Macleans. Inasmuch as there is no college or corporation of heralds as in England, the issue was put up to Sir Francis Grant, chief Poo-Bah of Scottish genealogy, known colloquially as the Lord Lyon. Sitting as King-of-Arms in dingy Register House, Edinburgh, Sir Francis last July sustained her claim, reaffirmed the jurisdiction of his court to do so.

Cousin Henry, who descends with Catriona from Col. Alexander Maclean of Ardgour, thirteenth of the name, who died in 1855, countered with an appeal, and the whole question fell into the law courts. With great vigor, he denied the court's right to jurisdiction, on the ground that no interest was involved which the law recognized, insisted succession was a matter for the clan societies alone to decide. On this point the justices were hazy, referred various angles back to the Lord Lyon for enlightenment.

Acme

Catriona Maclean (left), whose claims for chieftaincy are being contested

Pictures

Reflecting the glories of old Scottish tribalism, clansmen march through the glens

Raising hopes for eventual approval of her claim on the fact that the Lord Lyon in 1935 sustained Mrs. MacLeod's eligibility to chieftaincy, Catriona is fighting for lands which are practically the only clan territories in possession of her Macleans. Rare old honors she will share with a number of Maclean septs who all swear allegiance to Capt. Charles H. F. Maclean, grandson of the late Grand Patriarch, Col. Sir FitzRoy Donald Maclean, Bart., head of the mother Clan Maclean of Duart.

**Gillean**—Progenitor of all the Macleans, of whom many emigrated to the United States, was Gillean of the Battle-Ax, who flourished in the thirteenth century. In 1294 the name of Gillemoir Mackilyn appeared. Grandsons founded the Duart Macleans, but Brolas Maclean succeeded to the clan headship when the Duarts' direct line became extinct in the seventeenth century. The Duart tag was retained, however, and to-day the tartan, or color scheme, is a red base with yellow, blue and green (the latter predominating) cross-lines. Battle-cries: *Beatha bo Bas* (Life or Death) and *Fear eil' airson Eachainn* (Another for Hector), which, in guttural Gaelic, were shouted alternately amid flying halberds and maces.

Officially, if she is installed, Catriona will have no advance social precedence or status. Clans are not recognized politically by the British Government. But that was not always so. Springing up in 1008 under Malcolm III, King of Scotland, the clan system wielded great power among the heather and hills of the rugged, sea-girt land. The clansmen were governed by men of the same blood. United by descent from a common ancestor, they were obligated to avenge one another's injuries as a prime principle of their heritage.

**Defeat**—Smarting under English rule, they united, too, to war against their more powerful and numerous conquerors. First important clash was in 1715, when they got behind James Stewart, known as the Old Pretender to the Scots' throne; second came in 1745, when they were for Bonnie Prince Charlie, Young Pretender. Charles was crushed, his army butchered by the Duke of Cumberland in the Battle of Culloden.

Forbidden to wear the kilt or the tartan in any form, the clans declined, lost much of their prestige and quaint customs. Sir Walter Scott's famed border tales revitalized interest in Scottish history, and Queen Victoria's adoption of a tartan and opening of Balmoral Castle revived interest in old Gaelic manners and customs.

The triumph of Catriona Louise Maclean of Ardgour, many Scots sympathizers say, would symbolize the intense nationalism of the Highlanders under the tragic Mary Queen of Scots. As *Mac-'ic-Eoghain*, chief of all the Ardgour Macleans, she would join with the *MacLeod*, chief of all of the MacLeods, in fostering a revival of the glories of old Scottish tribalism.

## GOURMET PREMIER: Léon Blum Rules France, Amélie Rules His Kitchen

In France they speak of the Blum-Daladier-Amélie Government. Léon Blum is, of course, Premier, and Edouard Daladier his War Minister. But the Amélie of the extraordinary coalition is no Mrs. Simpson, tho she shares one great talent with ex-King Edward's friend.

Amélie is Blum's cook. Twenty years ago, when he formally took up politics as a Deputy from Narbonne, Southern France, she began her rule over the burnished copper and glazed *terrines* of the millionaire's old-fashioned kitchen.

Tho cartoonists last week depicted the thin, gangling intellectual as a half-starved professor, Blum is one of the most cultivated *gourmets* of France. Enemies once circulated a story that his widely advertised appreciation of wines began belatedly, during his first electoral campaign. This would prove inspired politics—for a notoriously cold logician and Socialist theorist—in a country where only the art of cooking ranks above the art of eating—and even that ranking is debatable.

**Started Young**—As a matter of fact, however, Blum's love for wines and his country's culinary achievements dates from his youth, and his most human qualities still emerge when, with his napkin tucked up to his chin under long brooding mustachios, he mops up the last drop of a sauce

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*béarnaise* with a piece of good French bread.

Absent-minded, and nearsighted in spite of *pince-nez*, he often cuts friends on the street; he never forgets to compliment Amélie on a masterpiece as she removes his shining plate. Like most French enthusiasts, he talks only between courses. Then, like as not, he launches into the history of some dish, expatiating on its origin and arguing the merits of spices in various recipes. Occasionally he quotes anecdotes from works on gastronomy—his collection is so large that books overflow the apartment to stand stacked two deep in the foyer of his apartment on the Ile Saint Louis, in the heart of old Paris.

**Favorites**—Blum, according to old Amélie, prefers food the French call "*caoutchouc*" (rubber), such as snails, oysters, tripe *à la mode de Caen*, pickled eels. *Paté de foie gras*, his choice *hors-d'œuvre*, must bulge with large black truffles. Chicken is his favorite *entrée*—he likes it cooked *bonne femme*, that exquisite casserole in which miniature potatoes and carrots, onions golden with butter and bay-leaf and thyme blend their delicate differences in a sauce of dry white wine. Steaks must be rubbed with garlic in the Provencal manner, and smothered in rich yellow sauces.

The Argentine Consul in Paris, knowing his weakness for cheeses, presented to him a huge one which the Premier—in a typical fear of waste—divided with poor families.

**Wines**—As an epicure, Blum makes his own bow to political expediency in his ordinary table-wine, the thick, bitter vintage of the South which he represents in Parliament. On State occasions, he brings out the finer Bordeaux he really prefers, and discourses feelingly on the sympathy between its bouquet and the dish's flavor. He seldom drinks whisky, cocktails never.

The Premier puffs a cheap French cigarette, *Cletique Jaune*, almost constantly, but he would not offend his palate—or Amélie—by smoking before the coffee. Then he lights up.

Unlike most gastronomical authorities, who sniff at every achievement of cooks across the Channel, the Premier likes English puddings.

A British military expert once remarked he feared that the French would always surpass the British in making air-ships.

"Oh well," Blum consoled him cheerfully, "you will always beat us at making pudding."

## SWISS DOORS: European War-Scare Leads "Isle of Peace" to Fortify Its Frontiers

Little Switzerland will not be caught as Belgium was in 1914. The "Isle of Peace," home of the League that was to forge all nations of the world together into a chain of amity, is fortifying her frontiers to the tune of war-rumbles. The army and air forces are being expanded in preparation for that "inevitable" war Europe seems to be resigned to. She realizes that the only way to preserve her peace is to be prepared to fight for it.

Whoever moves the opening gambit will find Switzerland no easy checkmate. She does not intend to let her small, perpetually peaceful country be used as a door through which warring dictators can move their armies and disrupt her neutrality. Yet she knows that she has been measured for a door by the countries who may any day leap at one another's throats.

"To-day," President Albert Mayer told his countrymen, urging them to subscribe to a national defense fund, "Switzerland's independence and neutrality are in greater danger than in 1914. Our militia is the flower of our people, but armaments are necessary for our defense. As an example, Ethiopia speaks eloquently."

**Taxes**—Two years ago, the first funds—$7,000,000—were allocated to build fortifications along the German border. In April of last year, the peace-loving Swiss were limping under a tax for an emergency appropriation of $100,000,000 for the same purpose. In a country where the population is little better than 4,000,000, that is a terrific slice out of any one's income to pay for preparations for some one else's war.

And that was not the end. With the physical protection against Germany almost completed, Swiss citizens are being asked to subscribe $76,375,000 more for a defense loan. From this, $55,000,000 will be spent on new defenses, with $16,000,000 going for antiaircraft defenses and $18,000,000 on air-force expansion.

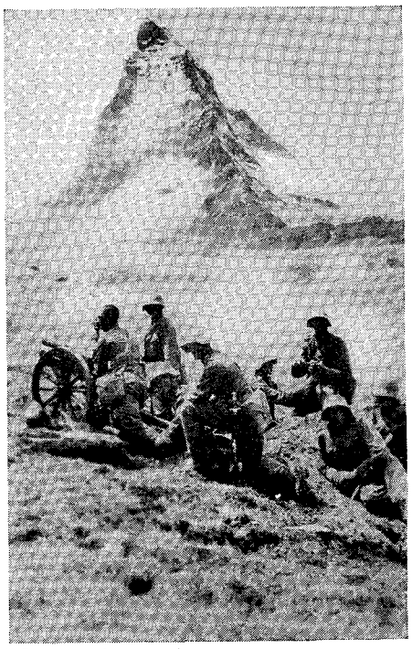
Switzerland has seen the insidious value of propaganda in other countries and is following their example. Spring and fall, when the tourist trade has departed, the Government floods the country with air propaganda. The most ardently pacifist farmers and urban dwellers gladly practise air-alarm drills, since German military planes have been making frequent flights over Swiss territory.

**Staff**—But fortifications and war-in-the-air are only a part of the protection Switzerland has undertaken to preserve her seven hundred years of peace. Only when war threatens and a general mobilization gets under way does the Swiss Army have Generals. Then the National Council appoints a commander and a permanent Chief-of-Staff. Switzerland has not denied that discussions for such appointments already have taken place in the Federal Palace in Berne. Informed sources insist that selections have been decided.

Actually, Switzerland offers hostile armies not one door, but many—westward to France, northward to Germany, eastward to Austria and southward to Italy. Taking a square look at the grimmest reality—complete annihilation — Switzerland believes that she would know her future in ten days after the first pistol popped.

**Reich Guns**—In an article in the *Military and Naval Digest*, Gordon Reud explains the ten-day problem by quoting a member of the Swiss General Staff:

"When war comes, we will be unable to mobilize our entire Army. The Germans will probably destroy our strategic railroad centers, Aarau and Olten, within forty-eight hours. Hence, for our border defense, we shall have to rely strongly on the native population, and we are therefore preparing them for just such an emergency. It is utterly impossible for us to defend the city of Basel, because it is right under the guns of the new German fortress Isteiner Klotz. Our entire strategic problem boils down to this: Can we hold the line for ten days? After that, the French will have moved up and closed the gap. If we can't hold out that long, we are lost."



© International

Switzerland: "Isle of Peace" rehearses for battle

A Swiss statesman, in an interview with correspondents, summed up his individual reaction, which probably holds good for the majority of the population, when he said:

"War will come. We will try to stay out at any price, save our liberty. The moment a foreign soldier crosses our border, we will fight.

"And you may rest assured that we shall fight to the last man."

## PLANES DEBUNKED: As War Machines They Win in Theory But Fail in Practise

The aspect of the Next War that alarms civilians most is the rumored war in the air. Ever since the last War, Sunday newspapers have periodically painted the horrors of whole cities being wiped out, women and children choking in their sleep, nations reduced to white sepulchers by mysterious and deadly germ-bombs.

This week, as for the sixteen successive weeks previous, the Rebel planes of Gen. Francisco Franco rose daily from the misty dusk of the Casa del Campo, zoomed across the Manzanares River, dropped tons of gas, high explosive and incendiary projectiles in the southern sector of Madrid, started a score of fires, sped back to their starting-point.

Yet Madrid is anything but "wiped out." Why? Because Madrilenos have learned how to put out fires, how to take cover, how to exact a heavy toll from the enemy's air fleet with their own planes and antiaircraft guns.

Actually, despite all the fanciful predictions that have been made, if the world's 38,150 military air-planes raided New York, each dropping the largest bomb it could carry, they could not wreak the havoc of the Yokohama earthquake of September 1, 1923, when 23,440 of a 620,306 population were killed.

**Germans' Raids**—In four World War years, German raids on London killed 524. (Last

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year, automobiles snuffed out 905 New Yorkers.) In all England, 280 tons of bombs killed 1,413 and wounded 3,408. Yet those raids did not terrify Britain, wreck morale; they merely made meek little Englishmen like *Mr. Chips* see enough red to join the colors. "Big Bertha's" long-range bombardment annoyed Parisians and interested artillerists, but failed to bow the French Government into abject surrender.

**Current Wars**—Obviously, those who worry about the future have not followed the recent and current wars which serve fliers admirably as laboratories in which to test the latest in air attack and defense.

Italy's air-force played a spectacular, dashing part in cooperating with foot-slogging infantrymen. Planes maintained communications between marching columns, dropped rations to outposts, spotted for artillerists, scouted for advancing tanks, fluttered down propaganda and bombed and machine-gunned Ethiopia's defenders.

Yet, tho Haile Selassie's *rases* could not fight back against the aerial weapon, Italy's air-force failed in its mission: To terrorize the populace. For the people refused to cringe even when mustard-gas burned bare feet and legs. Bases behind the lines were not razed, for shrewd Abyssinian commissaries kept food and ammunition in caves.

For the last four months, Madrid has been subjected to a vicious daily bombardment. Madrilenos live in dugouts and wear gas-masks, yet keep up their ebullient Iberian gaiety. It is "business as usual" while Rebel bombing fleets shuttle back and forth across the Manzanares with the time-table regularity of transport-planes maintaining commercial schedules.

**Schedule**—Fascist bombers begin their day at 3:30 A.M. A dozen explosions tumble the heaviest sleepers out of bed, and the attacked jam into subways and basements. Night raids are more alarming than those in daytime; human beings feel helpless in the dark and imaginations work overtime. Actually, they are comparatively safe, for Stygian black shrouds targets.

Noise, Castilians have found, is more deadly to nerves than shrapnel to bodies. Staccato barking of antiaircraft guns popping out projectiles every two seconds adds to the din of hundred-pound bombs; windows rattle and, overhead, motors drone incessantly.

There is another foray at 4:30 A.M., and the dawn patrol takes off with a third "paying load" at 5:45 o'clock. Then Franco's Fascist fliers vary tactics somewhat.

First, there are three light bombers with a heavy escort of fifteen pursuit-planes to fend off Loyalist combat planes trying to break up the vanguard before the attack gets started. Next come three heavy bombers, each carrying a couple of 500-pound demolition bombs to aim at bridges over the Manzanares or at the railway station. Two more threaten, but spare, the National Palace.

**Formation**—In two arrow-heads of five planes each, the heaviest bombers, escorted by a flying wedge of ten pursuit-planes, dash for the back areas of Southern Madrid. Escorts turn smoke used in peaceful sky-writing into screens for the lumbering bombers.

Incendiary shells whiz to earth until an impenetrable barrier of coal-black smoke rises to show that sixty fires have been started. They don't last long, for Madrilenos know how to put out fires now.

Meanwhile, what of the defending aircraft?

Antiaircraft "Archies" point snub noses vertically, belch four-inch projectiles, thirty a minute, but the bombers' armored bellies protect them against shrapnel. Out of the Fascists smoke-screen dive fifteen Russian-flown defending fighters, there is a rataplan of a thousand machine-gun bullets a minute and soon the sky is broken up into fifteen whirling dog fights of pursuers against pursued, and the bombers scurry for their base.

At the same time, twenty-seven fast Russian bombers attack a Fascist concentration camp, where weary soldiers rest before another earthbound battle. There are heavy losses as half a ton of light, shrapnel-filled bombs burst among the massed troops. In one week, five tons of them fell, killing hundreds.

**Alarm**—"Raid over" alarm brings children out to play in the streets of Madrid. Near at hand, mothers gossip, tho a chance bomb might put an end to games and wagging tongues. Thousands of others stroll by, idly counting shell-holes in building façades. Fatalism, not fear, grips the populace, last week officially "evacuated," but still on the job.

At 8:30 A.M. and again at 12:30 and 2 P.M., there usually are warning sirens, wild clamor of church-bells and factory-whistles, sending thousands diving madly into cellars and communal bomb-proof shelters.

One bomb falls in a square, but fails to explode. Ordnance officers examine it—it's a dud, filled with sand instead of high explosive. Out pops this note, in Italian:

"Your Italian brother-workers do not want to kill you."

In four months, General Franco has thrown 300 Italian and German bombers, escorted by 100 pursuit-planes, against Madrid. His minions have been met by 200 Russian pursuit-planes escorting 250 French bombers. Perhaps 350 planes have been shot down on both sides.

Yet, the beleaguered Capital still has water and electric light, and hungry housewives still queue up before butcher-shops to buy daily rations of meat.

Thus do aerial fighters themselves lay the specter of an aerial bugaboo.

Now, cautious minds are beginning to believe that planes are overrated weapons; that each time scientists devise a more effective way for men to kill themselves other scientists checkmate their colleagues.

Military men accept the Napoleonic doctrine that the best defense is a strong offense. To meet death from the air, Europeans (and Americans, too) say attacks should be broken up before they get started.

Britain crippled German U-boats by leveling their bases with sea and air bombardment. Zeppelins and entire bombing squadrons were caught in "safe" airdromes and burnt to cinders. That is how air power fights air power in Spain.

**Theory**—This thunder-and-lightning theory of terrorizing civilians 'way behind the front lines by air-raids and bombing them into submission shows a fine Italian hand. A neurotic with a brain keen enough to cut diamonds, the late Gen. Giulio Douhet of the Royal Italian Air Force wrote a series of articles, "The War of 19—."

His idea was that defensive tactics on sea and land had relegated offensive tactics to military limbo and that offensive warfare is supreme only in the air. He concluded:

1. Defensive action against aerial bombardment is wasted.

2. All aerial preparation for war should be limited to producing bombers, a purely offensive class of aviation.

War, he pointed out, is fought by a

United States Coast Artillery's four-inch guns mean death to a pilot four miles up

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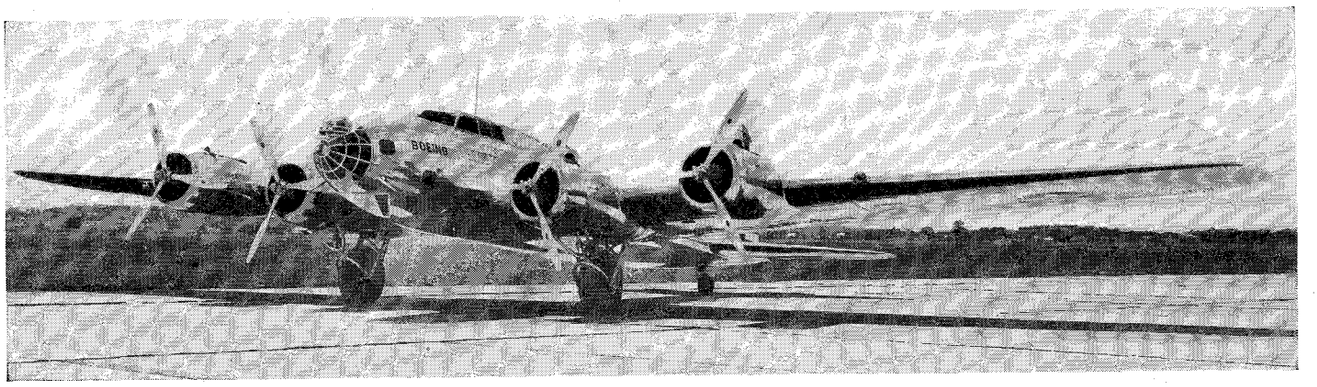


Boeing's YB-17, "Flying Fortress," carries one ton of bombs for 3,000 miles without a "breather"

nation using all its resources—naval, military, industrial, political. Without industrial support, fighting would be impossible; hence, industrial centers are legitimate targets.

Air-forces, he held, are the only weapons able to move without restriction, the only offensive arm with naval and military services able only to hold the line. So:

"We must group together all the forces of the nation in order to mass in that domain where the decision can be obtained—in the air. I have therefore launched the new doctrine on the principle—'Resist on the surface to mass in the air'."

**Hitting Power**—Air power, said he, means hitting power, blood and thunder destruction. Don't seek the enemy in great expanses of sky—find him on his home-grounds, kill war-birds in their nests. Don't bomb troops in dugouts—destroy the factories supplying those doughboys with rifles and bullets.

Douhetism means showering industrial and political areas with bombs, thus breaking down national resistance and destroying the people's will to wage war.

Air officers all over the world began to say that General Douhet's Machiavellian logic was unassailable.

In Germany, the late Gen. Hans von Seeckt, *Reichswehr* creator, put a new twist into Douhetism for a nation Versailles-bound then not to build an air-force. Whereas, the Italian would fly over the enemy's head to raid his cities, the German would drive as a whirlwind across his frontiers, smashing through pill-boxes and concrete forts with tanks and armored cars.

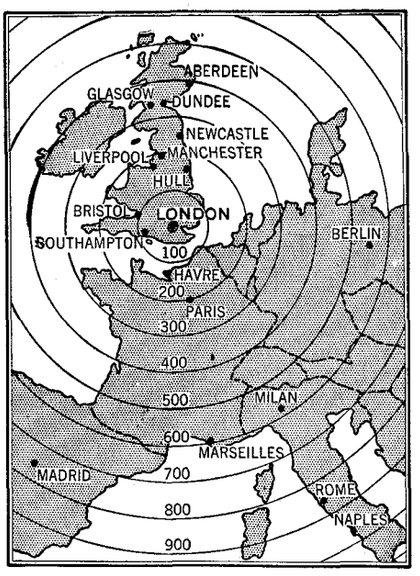
**Terror**—In both cases, "frightfulness" was the capstone of the new warfare. Both strategists were sure that one Cyclopean blow would fell a nation to its knees, pleading for peace at any price. Aviation factories began developing bombers to cruise 1,700 miles. Italy created a mastodon that could drop a 3,000-pound aerial torpedo anywhere along the Mediterranean.

Superimpose a map of Europe on a map of the United States, with Berlin over Chicago. Then, Leningrad is at Boston, Constantinople at Miami, Rome at New Orleans, Paris at Wichita, and London at Omaha. Europe's great Capitals fall east of the Rockies, eight hours by air from east to west. All Germany's planes could cross the French border before the air-mail to the Pacific Coast had tuned up and left Newark.

Thus, tho Germany may threaten Metz, Strasbourg and Nancy, France is equally dangerous to Essen, Coblenz and Cologne. Bombing one means frightful reprisal against the other. There you have it: Aviation turned out to be a *Frankenstein* monster, devouring itself.

In other words, General Douhet was "almost" right. The only defense against aircraft is more aircraft. Guns may keep bombers above 20,000 feet, making it difficult for them to hit targets, but bombers can not be overtaken and destroyed unless pursuit-planes are immensely superior in armament and speed, which is not the case now.

Navalists, however, are looking askance




Air-line distances between London and various other European cities

at growing aerial might. In the current *Aero Digest*, Cy Caldwell points out:

"As a defense against air power, the British Navy may be dismissed in a paragraph. Save for its air component, it will be ineffective. . . . The Fleet itself can not survive unless it moves out into the open sea, hundreds of miles from England.

"This was amply demonstrated during the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, rendered possible solely by air power. . . . The winning of the war actually was made possible by the mere threat of air power which was never used.

"Without the threat of the Italian Air Force in Italy against the British Fleet in the Mediterranean, England would have closed the Suez Canal . . . and the Italians would have been left stranded in Abyssinia." (See Page 26.)

**Army-Navy**—Another who believes air-planes doom war-ships is Boake Carter, ace radio commentator and former British Royal Flying Corps airman. In a "story of events . . . within recent weeks," he told how an Army and Navy bomb *vs.* battle-ship argument drew in "a third man, a high Washington official." Both officers asked:

" 'Get us an old ship and let's settle the argument.' The high official put the proposal up to Navy bigwigs. It touched a tender spot—and they balked at offering a ship—but countered with the recommendation of a target to be towed behind a battle-ship. This was agreed upon.

"Some days later, a telephone rang in the G.H.Q. air-force of the Army. The airmen were informed that somewhere off the Virginia coast, within a certain specified area from 25 to 150 miles at sea, were two battle-ships, one towing a target 1,000 yards astern.

" 'The target represents the enemy,' the Army Air Corps was told. 'You find him and bomb him.' The Navy chuckled. The indefiniteness of information made it hard enough. Just to make it harder still—the Navy's target towed by the battle-ship was a mere eight feet by twelve feet in area, ninety-six square feet, the size of a small floor in a small room in a small house.

"Well, Army observers went out. They picked up the battle-ships. They wired back to their land base the longitude and latitude, course and speed of the two ships. Upon receipt of that information, the bombers of the Army set out, went straight to the mark and coolly blew the target out of the water.

"They couldn't see it, but they knew where it was because of the white wake it created as it dragged through the salt-water of the Atlantic. Sixty to 75 per cent. of their bombs were hits and they performed this feat at 8,000 and 14,000 feet.

"The first the Navy knew that the Army planes had picked them out was when the target was smothered in foam as missiles rained from above it. To be sure, they had all their latest electrical listening devices out and tuned up to catch the sound of approaching engines—but the Army Air Corps isn't so dumb as some like to think it is—for they muffled the sound of their exhausts."

Perhaps the admirals yet may have the last laugh: They merely point out the Navy had no planes aloft to scout ahead and warn the battle-ships, then take a hand in fighting off the Army raiders.

After all, it takes air-planes to fight air-planes.

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# Parade

Troy (N. Y.)'s "hard luck boy," **Elton C. Cook,** is at it again. This time he was picked up unconscious on the sidewalk, with a gash on his head and a wound in his left wrist. In his brief twenty-four years, he has been shot in the hand, shot in the foot, burned by an exploding gas-tank on his car and hurt in three automobile accidents. He is never quite sure just how it happens.

* * *

Strangers who come into his restaurant at Swampscott, Massachusetts, squint at him for a moment and then begin, "Say, you know . . . ," receive brusk treatment from **Harold G. Blaney.**

"Yes," he says, "I know I look like President Roosevelt. Every one that comes in here asks the same old questions. . . . Picture? Well, make it snappy.

Pictures, Inc.

Harold G. Blaney: "I am not the President"

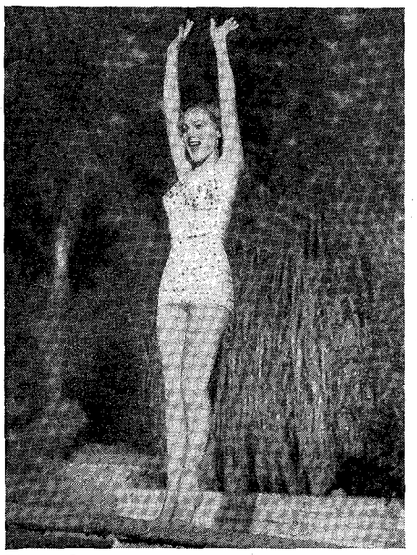
. . . Sure, of course I voted for him. Now, what'll you have?" Blaney used to go into more detail, but found it was taking up too much of his time. He is a year younger than the President and slightly smaller, but the facial resemblance makes him nearly an exact double. He is married, has two daughters and is a firm believer in the New Deal.

* * *

At the annual **Butlers' Ball,** the event of the season for "below stairs" New York, gentlemen's gentlemen and their ladies danced gaily to the strains of Meyer Davis's band, led at times by the Davis butler, Allan Keane. The event of the evening, the appearance of James Johnston, butler to the Duke of Windsor, was unfortunately canceled, as, "for circumstances over which he had no control," Johnston was unable to get a leave of absence.

* * *

As if not enough interest were already centered on the British Throne, advisers to **George VI** are now urging him to grow a beard, that the resemblance to his father, George V, may be even more positive.



Pictures, Inc.

Pat Patterson swims to keep stream-lined

Still seen on the fringes of sports events, **One-Eyed Connolly,** the Prince of Gate-Crashers, has lost much of his old-time appeal. Once discussions waxed hot as to whether he would gain entrance to an affair or not and a great deal of money changed hands thereby. Now free tickets and invitations have taken most of the verve from his feats, and sports writers deplore his going over to the "bosses."

* * *

Without the shadow of a screen test, pretty **Martha O'Driscoll** stepped into a fat contract with Universal Pictures. Coming to New York from Texas as a professional model, she was seen by John Harkrider, former Ziegfeld art adviser, at a fashion show, and so impressed him with her beauty and poise that he had her name on a contract before she had even changed her costume.

* * *

A big Savoia-81 bomber, fitted with three engines developing 1,800 horse-power drummed over the Litorio, Italy, air-port, and for an hour and a half went through the most difficult maneuvers, to land finally within a step of the members of Italy's Aviation Examining Board, who

No screen test necessary for Martha O'Driscoll

rushed to congratulate pilot **Benito Mussolini** and unanimously grant him a military license. A civilian pilot almost since the infancy of aviation, Mussolini is extremely capable and at times brilliant at the controls. Meanwhile, Il Duce's second son, twenty-year-old Bruno, plans a record-breaking, non-stop flight from Los Angeles to Rome with Lieut.-Col. Attilo Biseo, top-notch Italian flier.

* * *

**Pat Patterson,** two-months' bride of actor Charles Boyer, is devoted to her husband and accompanies him wherever he goes. She is hoping, however, that future pictures will not require weeks on location at such a torrid spot as the Mojave Desert, as was the case for "The Garden of Allah."

* * *

The first man to present successfully a ventriloquist act on the radio, **Edgar Bergen,** has executed a will which makes Charlie McCarthy, his dummy, the beneficiary of a $10,000 trust fund "to forever care for and keep Charlie McCarthy in good and serviceable condition and repair." Bergen has had Charlie for sixteen years; got him soon after he realized the dream of all children: finding that he could throw his voice in the schoolroom and call down the wrath of the teacher on some one else's head. Together they have traveled all over the world, and Bergen confesses to a sentimental attachment for the little white pine figure "who has been my constant companion."

Edgar Bergen: "For my dummy I leave $10,000"

* * *

Just when he was comfortably settled in the sit-down strike, **Verl Lahs,** member of the Shop Committee directing the Cadillac strike, found himself called for duty with his National Guard Company. His post was with the 125th Infantry, which was ordered out to preserve law and order in Detroit during the strike.

* * *

A device to ward off cold weather, which may or may not meet with wide-spread acclaim, has been invented by **Bert Leach,** sixteen-year-old messenger boy of Denver, Colorado. "I put my pet white rat in my muffler," says Bert, "and when I go out in the cold the rat snuggles down in the muffler to keep warm, thus heating my Adam's apple."

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# DEBUNKING LEGENDS OF CHILDBIRTH

## Dr. Guttmacher Attacks Superstitions With Reassuring Facts

Babies can wail lustily at birth (and in rare cases even before birth), but they can't weep for three months until the tear-glands develop.

An expectant mother should not "eat for two." An ordinary amount of food is quite sufficient; she may even be put on a diet to combat obesity.

The blood of the mother does not circulate in the veins of her unborn child.

High heels worn by a gravid woman will not make her child cross-eyed, nor will it be strangled if she lifts her arms above her head.

Contrary to popular belief, seven-month premature babies have less chance of survival than eight-month babies.

**Spiking Legends** — Thus does Dr. Alan Frank Guttmacher cheerfully dispose of some of the persistent legends of childbirth in his new book "Into This Universe: The Story of Human Birth" (Viking Press, $2.75). Few medical subjects have acquired a more tenacious folklore than this; none is more encrusted with the twin barnacles of fishwifery and superstition. Doctor Guttmacher, Associate in Obstetrics at Johns Hopkins University, gives the layman an authoritative understanding of what is fundamentally the most marvelous mechanism of human biology.

He reveals, for instance, that the largest muscle of the body is not the powerful biceps of a heavy-weight prize-fighter, but the human uterus. Within this bottle-shaped organ, the future citizen develops from a fertilized ovum in a rhythm still imperfectly understood by doctors. The embryo swims in a bag of waters, the amniotic fluid, a shock-absorber which protects it from injury: women have suffered broken limbs in automobile smash-ups, have jumped off sixteen-foot cliffs without endangering their pregnancies.

Ninety-five per cent. of all births are perfectly normal, but 100 per cent. of expectant mothers worry about complications, fear their offspring may be defective. Congenital malformations are relatively rare. When they do exist they arise not from maternal impression ("marking," prenatal influence), but from defective germ plasm. Nothing can be done to prevent them. But Nature herself usually sees to it that youngsters with defects incompatible with life remain unborn.

**Prenatal Care** — Doctor Guttmacher believes that America's main contribution to the safety of childbirth has been prenatal care. With his pelvimeter, calipers for measuring the pelvis, the obstetrician takes six measurements, calculates whether the pelvic floor is large enough to permit a normal birth. Rickets and certain bone diseases may distort the pelvis to such an extent that Cæsarian section may be necessary if the child is to be saved. Other possible complications are tuberculosis, anemia, syphilis. Congenital syphilis can be prevented in 96 per cent. of all cases if the disease of the mother is diagnosed in the first half of pregnancy.

**Controversy** — On the subject of painless labor, obstetricians still indulge in spirited controversy. Last spring, a meeting of the gynecology section of the American Medical Association was thrown into an uproar following a report on painless birth techniques. One obstetric school uses drugs reluctantly; another holds that such aids should be employed liberally. The difference of opinion hinges upon the fact that the safety of two patients must be considered: the mother and the child. Some drugs given the mother pass through the placenta, the organ which nourishes the fetus, depress the respiratory system of the baby and make it impossible to resuscitate it.

Many obstetricians glower unhappily at magazine writers who seize upon new techniques, write them up glowingly as assuring painless childbirth. Patients insist that the obstetrician use methods which may be against his own judgment. Some doctors assert that the pain of labor is unduly magnified by proselytizing writers, and it appears demonstrably true that unwarranted fear and emotional tension lengthen the period of labor.

The dispute revives periodically, has been raging since 1910, when the shrewd editorial genius, S. S. McClure, ran a series of articles on twilight sleep in *McClure's Magazine*. Twilight sleep was developed by Gauss in Germany, eliminates the memory of pain rather than its presence, by the use of the drugs scopolamin and morphin. It was introduced in America by Dr. Rudolph Holmes, of Chicago, who, at the meeting reported above, remarked: "I didn't know what I was doing. I have found out since."

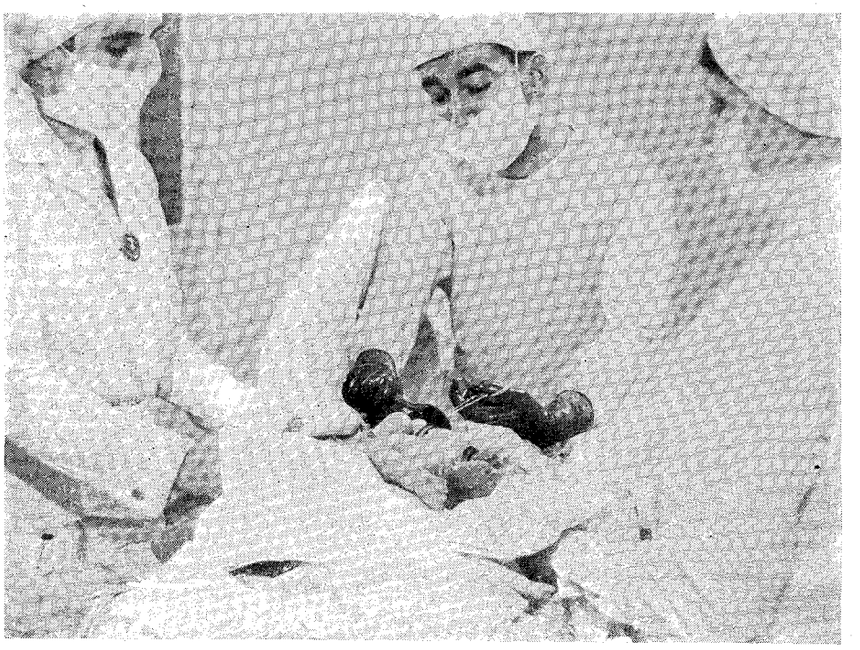
**Progress**—Newer methods have practically replaced twilight sleep, for on the subject of pain alleviation, as contrasted with its complete elimination, obstetricians are in more general accord. Drugs to relieve pain are called analgesics. The latest vogue is a group of drugs called the barbiturates, derived from barbituric acid. The Gwathmey technique is a widely accepted development of the past decade. Devised by Dr. James Gwathmey, of the New York Lying-in Hospital, it employs rectal installations of ether and paraldehyde. Altho the patient may show physical evidence of pain, in 85 per cent. of cases she has no recollection of it later.

Gas, nitrous oxid and ethylene, is used successfully in the later stages of labor. In the final stage, complete anesthesia is employed. It was Queen Victoria, in 1853, who aided childbirth anesthesia to wide acceptance by submitting to chloroform for the delivery of her seventh son. With each pain, late in labor, she was given a sufficient quantity of the drug to lower the pain threshold without obliterating consciousness. This method is still referred to as "anesthesia *a la reine*."

Obstetrical operations include Cæsarian section and forceps delivery. The obstetrical forceps were invented about 1600 by Peter Chamberlen, kept a medical secret by the singular Chamberlen family for 125 years, when the secret became known through a Dutch physician to whom the last of the Chamberlens had sold it. Forceps are indispensable to the management of difficult births.

**Cæsar**—More spectacular is the Cæsarian section, the surgical opening of the uterus through the abdomen. This laparotomy is sometimes referred to as "delivery from above." Julius Cæsar was supposedly delivered in this manner, but Doctor Guttmacher points out that this operation was never performed on living women in Roman times, and Cæsar's mother lived for years after his birth. One patient may have as many as five or six Cæsarians, but the belief that such mothers carry a "service stripe" in the form of a scar for each operation is dismissed by Doctor Guttmacher with the explanation that the old scar is removed at each succeeding operation.

Among the hundreds of illuminating facts from Doctor Guttmacher's work may be listed the following: Women over thirty-five, classed as elderly for childbirth, can anticipate a very happy outcome of pregnancies. Dry labors are not dangerous if no abnormality exists, may



Acme

Omphalotomy; first surgical operation ever performed by mankind



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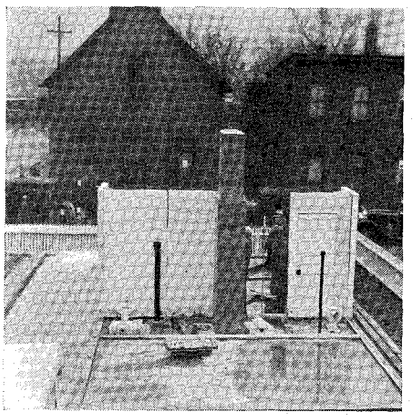
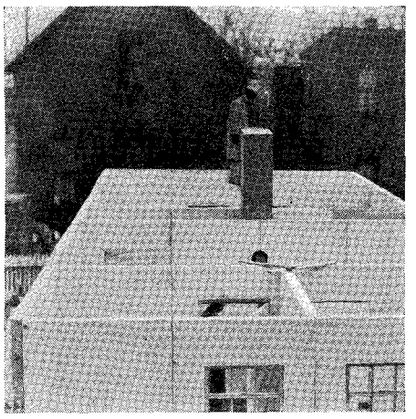
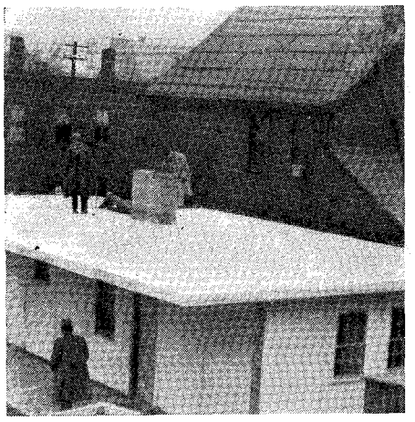


7:00 A.M.—a chimney stands

7:35 A.M.—doors appear



10:50 A.M.—and windows



Photos courtesy Architectural Forum

12:45 P.M.—Look! it's a bungalow

even be beneficial. Most babies are not born late at night; births are fairly evenly distributed through the twenty-four hours. Maternal diet does not materially influence the size of the new-born babe. A completely reliable biological test, the Friedman test, has been available since 1931 for the early diagnosis of pregnancy.

## HOUSES: Lack of Organization and Cost Retard Progress of Prefabricated Dwellings

Since 1932, when a considerable number of *entrepreneurs* simultaneously became aware that a potential industry of vast proportions was practically begging to be born, millions of dollars, thousands of man-hours, an inestimable amount of genius have been invested in the ideal of the prefabricated house.

This month, taking annual inventory, many firms look back over the past year, ask how many prefabricated houses were constructed in 1936, and arrive at the flat answer: precious few.

**Steel,** trade magazine of the steel industry, estimates that fewer than 1,000 prefabricated steel houses have been erected in the past six years, 250 in 1936. Companies erecting types other than steel give varying figures on production: one reports 300 houses erected, another thirty, another eight, another five. Many prefabricators refuse to give out figures at all, or frankly admit that the houses they have erected are experimental or have been sold below cost to have them occupied. It is certain, at least, that of the 400,000 houses which it is estimated will be erected in 1937, only an insignificant percentage will be of the prefabricated type.

**Unorganized**—Yet the status of the prefabricated house can not be truly gaged by the number of buildings erected. Actually, the industry is seething with activity, but unorganized. The inventor, the scientist, the mechanic have poured such a wealth of material on the door-step of prefabrication that the industry hasn't quite made up its mind what to do with it. Some 200 types of prefabrication have been advanced, many systems patented. As analyzed by *American Architect and Architecture*, these systems all fall into three general types: (1) frame and panel construction—wood, steel, asbestos and other materials shaped into factory-made panels of varying size, bolted to foundations; (2) black or precast concrete construction, which includes units cast from such various materials as gypsum, concrete, artificial stone, and (3) frameless construction, which embraces cellular steel and similar types.

Among the materials being actively promoted for prefabricated houses are asbestos, factory-cut wood, plywood, copper panels, steel, cork and steel, concrete, plastics, artificial stone, canvas-covered panels, porcelain-enameled steel, infusorial earth, gypsum, tiles.

**Examples**—John J. Early, of Washington, D. C., has erected eight prefabricated houses of precast concrete panels at a cost of $10,000 each. Thomas A. Edison, before the World War, constructed a number of houses by setting up wall molds and pouring them full of concrete. He achieved a termite-proof, non-warping, fireproof building. These advantages are claimed for most of the present types of prefabricated houses, which also stress the advantages of built-in insulation, sound-proof walls, weather-resistant outside surfaces which do not require frequent painting and high up-keep cost. In some types, electrical conduits and outlets are built into the precast panels which will form the house walls, thus saving considerable wiring expense. It is even possible to include plumbing pipes in panels so that a few twists of a wrench will connect the system to outside mains. Small prefabricated houses have been completely erected in a single working-day, although these stunts were frankly experimental.

General Houses of Chicago manufactures a steel panel house in a popular price range of $5,000 to $6,000, with some units selling for as little as $3,800. This organization is reported to be designing a prefabricated house for distribution through Sears, Roebuck & Co. to mail-order buyers. The Steelox house built by Steel Buildings, Inc., of Middletown, Ohio, also employs steel panels. This concern erected 175 houses last year. Most popular is its five-room model, ranging in price from $3,200 to $3,500. The steel house has had the advantage of being backed by one of the country's largest industries—one of the hazards faced by the small builder of prefabricated houses is the disproportionate overhead cost rolled up by the promotional efforts he must make to sell his product.

**Trailers**—Ideally, the prefabricated house should be cheaper, more durable, more convenient, more practical than any other type. That it can achieve such a goal is proved by the past year's most striking triumph of prefabrication: the modern house trailer. The trailer is a prefabricated house on wheels which meets ideal standards; it is assembled in a factory, in mass production, is a complete housing unit delivered to the user at a reasonable price. This is the goal of prefabrication as visualized by such men as Tom M. Girdler, Chairman of Republic Steel Corporation, who recently declared that "the future demand for strip steel, not only in the [prefabricated] house structure itself but in cabinets, cupboards, and other accessories, will open a market to-morrow that will rival the automobile market to-day."

The late Arthur Brisbane believed that the prefabricated house should be delivered from the factory complete, ready to be skidded off a truck onto a prepared foundation. Brisbane actually had several houses built along these lines, transported them by truck to Long Island, proved his idea workable. An impressive number of prefabricators are veering back toward Brisbane's idea, emphasizing that this is taking an extremely long-distance view.

**Definition**—The whole story of prefabrication is complicated by the fact that nobody quite agrees on a comprehensive definition. Nearly every one lives in houses or apartments which are partly prefabricated. The nails used in any house are prefabricated; so are bricks, doors, sashes. The Indian lived in a prefabricated *teepee* in that he mounted skins in permanent wooden frames which could be disassembled, transported from place to place.

To the man in the street, however, the prefabricated house is a square, modernistic, flat-roofed structure of austere design. This conception is justified because the "shoe-box" type of architecture lends itself

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naturally to precast panels which must be assembled in straight lines. Nevertheless, the prefabricators who have been longest in the field (such as Louis Bossert & Son of Brooklyn, and the E. F. Hodgson Co. of Boston) make use of prefabricated wood panels to erect houses which "look like a home," satisfy the purchaser's conception of architectural fitness. The Rockwood Gypsum Lumber Company, which has erected some 300 houses by its prefabrication method, also produces a building adapted to any type of architecture. The Rockwood System employs precast hollow gypsum panels to form walls and floors which can be finished off by conventional methods.

**Resistance**—Most house buyers come to an architect with preconceived ideas of what they want—a dream house in the Tudor style, a Dutch Colonial, a Cape Cod. There is sturdy sales resistance to a house design which fails to fit these ideals. The maker of a modernistic prefabricated house approaches the selling problem from the angle that a house is a place to live in, that his house design is a more efficient unit than, say, a colonial conception carried over from another era.

The particular field which sociologists insist is made-to-order for the prefabricated house, but which thus far the industry has scarcely touched, is the $1,500 to $3,000 market for homes. This is the field which President Roosevelt had in mind when, in his Congressional message, he said:

"Many millions of Americans still live in habitations which not only fail to provide the physical benefits of modern civilization, but breed disease and impair the health of future generations. The menace exists not only in the slum areas of the very large cities, but in many smaller cities as well."

**Costs**—If the prefabricated house is to solve this problem, it cannot truly be said that mass-production methods are the sole answer. Science has already pretty well provided the methods, and in many cases the present equipment for mass production of prefabricated units, such as steel panels. The cost of prefabricated houses has remained high, not because of inefficient production of units, but for two more fundamental reasons: (1) the cost of selling and of transportation to the site; (2) the labor cost of erecting the units.

Figures published by *Architectural Record* reveal that the great field for the prefabricated house, or for any well-designed type of house, lies among that group of families with annual incomes of from $1,500 to $2,500. According to the 1930 census, 31 per cent. of all urban families fall within this group—6,905,000 families out of 21,674,000.

On a yearly income of $1,500, it is calculated that a family can afford to pay $2,400 for a house, $600 for a lot. On an income of $2,000, $3,200 can go for the house, $800 for the lot. Families with $2,500 a year can buy a $4,000 house and a $1,000 lot. With most prefabricated houses falling within the $6,000 to $10,000 price range, they are at present out of reach of the very families most receptive to them. For it is a truism that most home buyers are between thirty and forty years of age, are seeking houses which will supply them the comforts, privacies and efficiencies they expect from the American standard of living.

**Future**—From time to time rumors have appeared in the newspapers that the great motor companies, such as Ford and Chrysler, have been toying with the idea of producing steel house units on their giant stamping-presses. Inspired anew by the phenomenal success of the trailer, a prefabricated house on wheels, industrialists have subsidized numerous experiments in house design.

Some of them visualize the ideal factory-made house which can perhaps be put together on an assembly line and delivered to the customer's foundations ready for use. With more than fifty companies actively working on prefabricated house designs of varying types, no one can predict what system may emerge and win general acceptance. Probably to-morrow's prefabricated house is to-day being shaken to the top in the merchandising hopper.

## SCIENCE SHORTS

**Cosmic Capers**—Two times two may equal seven at altitudes of 17,000 feet (without benefit of oxygen). Grammar goes completely wacky, and any problem requiring logical thought brings widely varying responses. Normally accomplished penmen produce all but illegible scrawls at extreme elevations as the brain slows down, literally starved for oxygen.

Last week, these typical reactions were announced by Dr. E. H. Padden, who supervised the testing of four persons in a United Air Lines plane at altitudes up to 22,000 feet.

The air transport company sponsored the experiments because it is anticipated that within the next few years planes will travel regularly at 20,000 to 30,000-foot heights, and human reactions to these rarefied air-levels have not been thoroughly charted.

At 17,000 feet, without oxygen, Doctor Padden's four subjects obtained four different answers to a simple arithmetic problem, and all were wrong. Moreover, they were slow, hesitant and confused. Then oxygen was supplied the subjects, different problems given, and all arrived at the correct answers promptly. Similar experiments were repeated at different levels, producing data which will be used by air-lines in designing supercharged cabins for high-altitude planes.

* * *

**Accidents**—Horror articles seem to have little effect in reducing the appalling toll of automobile accidents. Preliminary estimates of motor traffic deaths in 1936 indicate that the figures will be higher than for 1935. Yet slow-speed, low-powered cars seem no answer to the safety problem. In Europe most cars are tiny, with low horse-power, yet statistics show that Italy has a traffic death toll of 59.4 persons per 10,000 cars operating, England, 30.6, Scotland, 44.8, and the United States only 13.6.

* * *

**Razor Blades**—Has the permanent razor blade arrived at last? R. H. Fash, a Fort Worth chemist, has reported a method of prolonging the life of razor blades by adding potassium chromate compounds to shaving-cream to prevent rusting. It is asserted this doubles the number of good shaves from a single blade.

* * *

**Quick Alarm**—Absent-minded seismologists at the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory who fall asleep while waiting for an earthquake are obligingly awakened by a quake which sets off its own alarm-clock. The instrument is a heavily weighted pendulum which swings when a quake occurs, making an electric contact which rings an annunciator.

* * *

**Ham**—Ham sandwiches are better if they come from rested pigs. You have the word of Great Britain's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research for it. Pigs that are all tuckered out have high muscular electrical resistance, slowing the penetration of salt into the ham during dry-salting.

Courtesy Hodgson Houses

Prefabrication fits the ideals of modern colonial home lovers

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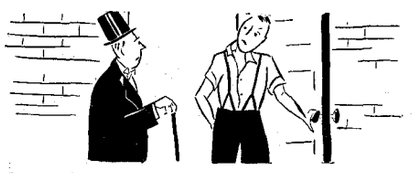
# THE BLUNDERS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

## Boners and Breaks Are Often Keys to Unconscious Problems

Have you ever called your formidable boss by his office nickname? Do you stutter or mumble in his presence, hesitate to speak your mind?

If you do, don't worry about it. Most people tumble into error when confronted by an emotionally exciting or unfamiliar



situation. Meeting important people, making a speech or taking an automobile driver's test gives almost anybody stage fright.

At least, that is how a famous California psychologist who prefers to remain anonymous explains the blunders of every-day life. He says that errors in speech are most frequent, forgetfulness of names and objects comes second, and disarrangement of clothing third. These mistakes are most likely to occur when one is nervous, hurried or fatigued. And every one knows how easy it is to forget a name at the crucial moment, to leave the key in the door, the parcel at the store.

The person who dresses meticulously, then saunters forth minus a vital piece of clothing, is classic.

**Breaks**—Consider the day of the man making his share of the breaks in a man's routine: (1) brushes his teeth with his shaving-soap; (2) drops handkerchief in the clothes-hamper only to discover, while waiting for the bus, that he has forgotten to pick up a fresh one; (3) climbs aboard the bus, handing the conductor his burning cigarette and tossing his dime in the gutter; (4) starts kidding the friend whose phone call he had expected—only to discover the voice on the other end is that of

his most formal client; (5) and so forgets a long-planned luncheon date; (6) in the afternoon, gets from his secretary a list of things his wife wants him to bring home—forgets list; (7) brings home what his memory tells him is ice-cream instead of butter; (8) in resulting argument with his wife, he calls her by his secretary's first name; (9) goes off to club in a huff, to trump his partner's ace; (10) and so to bed—after putting the alarm-clock outside the door and leaving the milk-bottle on the table near his bed.

**Why?**—Tho it's easy to trace a mistake to forgetfulness or absent-mindedness, the question is: why did it happen? It depends on the kind of person you are, your past emotional experiences and the situation in which you have made the slip.

If you are an inveterate blunderer, do a bit of autobiographical analysis; you may find the reason. The California professor says a string of embarrassing missteps will always find their way back to emotional repressions resulting from past experiences.

If important people frighten you into a mumbling caricature of your natural self, try to remember your early home life. Was mother or dad a household tyrant? That might have been the start of your difficulty.

A whole school of psychology is built up around Dr. Sigmund Freud's emphasis on the unconscious as an everlasting dictator of behavior. You forget an appointment, his argument goes, because you really wanted to get out of it. You make embarrassing slips in speech, probably, like the one made by Mrs. Dwight Morrow before J. P. Morgan. Afraid little Anne (Morrow Lindbergh) would speak with a child's frankness about the size of her guest's nose, the mother couldn't relax until the

little girl had gone to bed. Mrs. Morrow then turned graciously to the financier with:

"Would you like sugar or cream in your nose?"

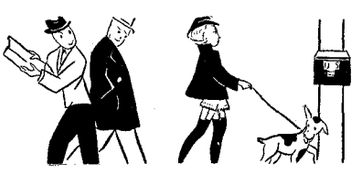
**Nervousness**—Freudians would say Mrs. Morrow had really wanted to refer to that nose all the time. But she never would, of course, had not fear that her daughter might blunder aroused her to a state of nervous excitement. And so it is with most embarrassing mistakes; excitement, fatigue or haste increases your chances of making them, and it follows that you're in more danger if you are a highly neurotic type.

Behind the emotional condition which colors your actions are factors other than the unconscious wish that put you in wrong.

One theory traces all "boners," even those of otherwise intelligent people, to a failure to understand the entire situation that presents itself. When two objects have the same general characteristics, we jump at the conclusion that all their qualities are the same without further examination.

That's why we may greet some one effusively, only to discover when we see his face that he is a stranger.

It might explain the predicament of the



young lady who removed her clothes as usual while waiting for treatment in what she thought was her doctor's consulting-room, only to be confronted by the bewildered dentist into whose office she had walked by mistake.

It was on the same floor, looked just like the M.D.'s; she hadn't noticed the "dentist" on the door.

**Carelessness**—Failure to see the situation as a whole may be due to just plain carelessness (another word for forgetting) or to lack of facts, wrong deductions, lack of imagination, an uncritical attitude, ego-

tism, obstinacy (prejudice), or the "will to believe" which Prof. William James said makes suckers out of all of us at one time or another.

Many of the famous blunders of history were caused by failure to size up a situation properly.

If Napoleon had tallied his army's food requirements with the supply likely to be available in a Russian winter, he would never have made his disastrous march on Moscow.

The Roxbury Latin School refused to name Dr. James Bryant Conant to its Board of Trustees because he wasn't prominent enough; a few weeks later, he was elected President of Harvard University. Paramount studios let both Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire slip through their fingers; thought Fred couldn't do anything but dance.

Warner's let Clark Gable and the newest heart-flutterer, Tyrone Power, go as unlikely star material.

**Patterns**—A whole mess of silly blunders, misjudgments and unaccountable deeds arise from the human tendency to mix up familiar habits under stress. Two intended courses of action follow the same pattern for a while, then diverge. If you're not alert, you don't distinguish between

them. Which is why you take the wrong train or arrive in formal clothes on the wrong night for the party—to find the host in his shirt-sleeves.

It explains as well why a flustered clergyman kissed the bridegroom instead of the bride, and why the picture of a highly dignified minister was labeled in a newspaper:

"This rare old Chinese snuff-box, bearing the aroma of centuries."

Same quirk explains why you ring one telephone number, meaning to ring another; why theatergoers clap in church or the University of California's Capt. Roy Riegel, at the 1929 Rose Bowl football game, ran over his own team's goal-line, giving the game to Georgia Tech.



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# "HIGH TOR": POETRY ON A PINNACLE

## Maxwell Anderson's Fantastic Comedy Has Mysticism, Charm

Maxwell Anderson, the shock-haired dramatist who pounds flowers out of a typewriter, continues with "High Tor," a fantastic comedy, his singularly lonesome task of recording America in terms of dramatic poetry and escapism.

Out of an old vaudeville act, a noggin of a rock hill near Nyack, New York, a comedy scene ripped straight from "The Tempest" of Shakespeare, a squad of ghostly Dutch sailors left behind by Hendrik Hudson and a steam-shovel, he creates a mountain-high clowning-piece which, on vapory occasion, dips into sentimental mysticism.

The result is a satisfying, relishable play, one of his most amiable.

**Charm**—Wearing cap and bells not much less obviously than he drags around the mask of tragedy, Mr. Anderson has accomplished a play which, if not technically flawless, at least has long stretches of delicious charm.

High Tor is a jagged rock peak on the Palisades above the Hudson. From it one may gaze fifty miles up and down that ponderously majestic river. Its owner, *Van Van Dorn,* a twenty-three-year-old descendant of the Dutch, with a rugged disdain for work that involves a pay envelop, uses his pinnacle as soul-medicine. To him it represents individuality, remoteness from the sordid commerce of life and a lofty perch of isolation. His greatest joke is that he can look down across the river to an opposite shore upon which, jowl to jaw, huddle Sing Sing prison and an automobile assembly plant.

"Right from here," he says, "you can't tell one from another: get inside, and what's the difference? You're in there, and you work, and they've got you."

**Phantoms**—A crooked probate judge and his partner, a real estate dealer, try to dupe the boy out of his mountain. They want it for its valuable traprock. In one night, darkened by storms, peopled with wandering Dutch ghosts and frightened bank robbers, these two lose their deal, the boy prevails and then discovers he doesn't want the mountain, anyway. Also, he falls in love with a Dutch girl 300 years old, who turns to a wisp of vanishing fog at dawn.

The parallel with "The Tempest" comes in Act I when *DeWitt,* the fantom of a Dutch sailor, finds the judge and real estate man asleep under one overcoat. In "The Tempest" the same scene is found in Act II when *Caliban* and *Trinculo* sleep in a storm under *Caliban's* cloak.

Shakespeare wrote it thus for *Stephano,* who discovers them:

"Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract . . ."

Anderson has *DeWitt* cry:

"What kind of demisemidevil do you think you are, with four legs and two faces, both looking the same direction? Jesu Maria, it's a kind of centaur, as big one way as another, no arms, and feet the size of dishpans. . . . It's the rear end that talks, evidently, the front being fast asleep in the manner of a figurehead. . . . None too clear in the back thinker, I should say, which would be a natural result of lugging two sets of brains, fore and aft."

"High Tor" gives Burgess Meredith his first rôle for the theater in the more than a year that has passed since he stunned Broadway in the prize-winning Anderson play, "Winterset." In the part of *Van Dorn,* the young actor demonstrates again that his vivid talent thus far has been realized only in part, and that he has enormous resource, eloquence and persuasion.

Jean Arthur, flagellistic Calamity Jane, puts aside whip while she does a little personal haunting on Wild Bill Hickok Cooper

Critics, appreciating the play, once again describing Meredith as "the *Hamlet* of 1940," liked "High Tor," found only minute faults in it.

Richard Lockridge, New York *Sun:* "It is a strange, elusive play compounded of a poet's wrath at slippery thieves who would steal old beauties, fantastic comedy which sometimes falls backward into buffoonery, and lovers' scenes which once or twice climb up to the sheerest poetry Mr. Anderson has written."

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# WESTERN: Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane Ride the Range in "The Plainsman"

Paramount, in the throes of a yippee and range-riding, performs its second major salute to the old, hard-boot West with "The Plainsman," a glorified, and sometimes awry feature photoplay calculated to celebrate the cast-iron romance of Wild Bill Hickok and that skirted mule-skinner, Calamity Jane.

Frank J. Wilstach combed the lore of the West to write a book about these buckskinned figurines, and from it three scenarists have made a scrip which Cecil B. De Mille, eschewing bathtubs as the plague, makes into a picture. It is not a picture which precisely follows the stories of Hickok and Calamity; it certainly weaves Buffalo Bill Cody into their lives in a way which would no doubt have stunned that simple Indian-fighter.

**Super**—For all of its gestures to romanticism and its evasions of exact fact, it turns out to be a rather splendid, exciting super-Western. There is everything in it from the Cheyenne uprising to the tragedy at Little Big Horn. Singularly, the preview audience was left as cold as a dollar's worth of ice by the Little Big Horn massacre. It seems that grown-up people to-day believe that the Indians had a little more than justice on their side when they cut down Custer and his boys in revenge for some flagrant land-stealing.

Unlike the same company's other monster Western, "The Texas Rangers," which swallowed up all the old formulas for Westerns, "The Plainsman" does cleave new story trails.

**Stars**—Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, in boots and *breeks* after the white ties and evening wraps of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," play Wild Bill and Calamity with excellent force. The Cooper ranginess works out handily for the rôle, and Miss Arthur's husky voice gives warmth and color to the rôle of Calamity. Her voice zooms into the upper registers on excited occasion, but mainly she has it, plus *tremolo,* well under control.

"The Plainsman" isn't going to offend any one and it will be found stirring by many. Youngsters in particular will take to it, and its cellophaned Western history can be swallowed practically whole.

Charles Bickford is the best of those in support of the stars, turning an evil gunrunner character into a genuinely chilling portrait. James Ellison, in a becurled way, is uncommonly beautiful as Buffalo Bill.



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# "DENMARK — THE COOPERATIVE WAY"

## Howe's Book Describes Danes' Answer to Economic Problems

Ewing Galloway

Danish barnyard: "A species of accident" successfully functions in a modern world

The egg looked as if it had come out of an oil-painting. The American regarded its milk-white freshness, paused with watery mouth as he tapped the delicate shell to notice on it a tiny, decorative lyre. He beckoned good-naturedly to the head waiter, who explained:

"All of our eggs come to London from Denmark. Also, all of our bacon. Danish eggs are strictly fresh. They are marked in that way to certify to their freshness. Danish bacon is the best in the world. It, too, is marked to certify its quality."

Making sure the American, now poking his spoon into the rich, steaming egg with gusto, was still listening, he continued:

"The farmers of Denmark manage all of these things for themselves. They run their own business from the farm down to our hotel in London; down, in fact, to the consumers all over England. They are very much like an American trust. Everything is on a cooperative basis. The farmers save the profits which go to the middleman. And they insure goods of the highest quality, better than we can get from private dealers, and better, in fact, than we can get from our own farmers here in England.

"If you want to learn more about it, I dare say you can do so by going down to the Danish Bacon Export Society, close by the Bank of England."

**Quest**—Frederic C. Howe, New York economist, sociologist, lawyer and writer, did not go down to the Export Society in London when he finished breakfast; he went straight across the North Sea to Denmark. Abroad to write a series of articles on European reconstruction, he saw a story in tracing that egg back to the farmer, was determined to get the story in detail for his American readers.

Out of this quest up and down the rolling stretches of Danish countryside came something bigger than an account of an egg: "Denmark: A Cooperative Commonwealth, Ruled by Farmers," a remarkable book now out of print. That was in 1920.

In 1935, noting a renewed interest in cooperatives, Mr. Howe took time out from duties as Special Adviser to Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, skipped back to Denmark to find fresh facts and figures which fairly made his eyes dance. Set down in a second tome, "Denmark—The Cooperative Way," (Coward-McCann; $2.50) published a fortnight ago, they underscored such whopping accomplishments as:

**Highlights**—Despite their share of the depression era, the melancholy Danes boasted a country without a multimillionaire, an unemployment problem, big privately owned corporations, a class struggle, nay, without a dire state of poverty. Rock-bottom realists, they had, moreover, distributed wealth more equitably than any other country in Europe, if not the world; had effected a greater resettlement of the people on the land than anywhere else; had abolished the cursed farm tenancy; had developed, furthermore, a smooth-running democratic economic system in which the people performed for themselves almost all of the functions which in other countries are performed for them by others.

How successful the system had been was reflected in figures for 1936 released last week by the Danish Government. Turnovers of the great cooperatives, staggering in themselves, were marked by tremendous gains. Dairy products amounted to $125,400,000, up $14,300,000; bacon factories, $96,888,000, up $1,980,000; export eggs, $5,060,000, up $748,000; export butter, $36,828,000, up $6,160,000. The grand total was expected to exceed easily a previous $500,000,000, of which $395,000,000 was from producers, balance from consumers' organizations.

Unlike socialism, which it resembles in aims, Denmark's system is, Mr. Howe points out, a logical working out of democracy by guarding old economic values, characterized by a broad cooperative base and a continuous activity of the people. In it, the nation becomes a cooperative commonwealth.

The world's experiment for this economic socialism without political socialism, Denmark took it up quite by accident, has watched it spread around the world. Originated by twenty-eight poor Rochdale, England, weavers in December, 1844, who bought at wholesale to effect small retail savings, cooperatives to-day constitute the largest democratic movement in the world. In 1933, the International Cooperative Wholesale Society placed the world's largest orders on the London market for tea, coffee and sugar.

One-seventh of all goods consumed in England is sold by the consumers' cooperatives through 10,000 retail cooperative stores, total national retail and wholesale trade is $2,000,000,000 and the annual turnover of cooperative banks amounts to $3,000,000,000. The English Cooperative Wholesale Society is the biggest distributing organization in the British Empire, owns a $700,000,000 bank, a $100,000,000 insurance company, countless coal-mines, factories, ships, plantations.

**Variations**—But in Britain, Mr. Howe shows the cooperative movement has remained in "reverse capitalism," in which the buying and selling of things has been the predominant note. Elsewhere the accent has been more on production. In Switzerland, every industry and utility is a cooperative in some towns; more than half of the people of Finland are cooperative, with 40 per cent. of the national business. In Sweden, where cooperatives have been famed for trust-busting activity, the movement has 500,000 members, 4,000 stores, is spreading to the country after getting its start in cities. Norway figures less conspicuously, tho the idea is catching on rapidly.

In Denmark, however, the cooperative plan is rooted in the Government and the people; seems, in consequence, destined to be a 100 per cent. proposition there before it becomes so anywhere else. Mr. Howe delves into Danish history to explain why. Once a European Power, Denmark lost heavily by siding with Napoleon in his wars, was whipped successively by both England and Prussia, which in 1864 annexed the two southern provinces of Schleswig and Holstein. Badly in debt, the peasants held in semiserfdom by feudal barons, the country went through a quarter of a century of economic and political despair, swept at once by floods, droughts, cattle epidemics, plagues.

By the '70's the farmers began to see daylight, turned, to save themselves, to small-scale butter, cheese and bacon production, for which England became a ready market. By the end of the century, the middle-class farmers (*gaardmaend*) rose to power, lifted up the smaller fellows who were able to purchase land through State aid. Allied to rural and urban workers, the *husmaend* in turn took the lead. To-day, this set-up dominates the national legislature.

**Foundations**—Against this background there developed the two institutions which go hand-in-glove with Denmark's prosperity: the cooperative movement and the



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People's High School. The former took root in 1880-'81 in the badly-hit dairy industry, but all good Danes will tell you, Mr. Howe says, that without the school, established by Bishop N. F. S. Grundtvig, a Lutheran priest (1783-1872), it might never have attained its present opulence. Spiritual father of Denmark, a Washington and Lincoln rolled into one, Bishop Grundtvig glorified the peasant, provided an adult training which stressed Danish culture and the teacher rather than the printed page. From a crude beginning in 1851, there are sixty-one schools to-day which teach 6,400 students from whom are picked the directors and managers of the cooperatives.

This combination alone explains why the cooperative movement has taken such a hold. Ninety per cent. of the farmers, who account for most of the 1,466,000 rural population out of the total of 3,600,000, are members of cooperative societies. They carry on their work in a country about one-third as large as Wisconsin, also a keen cooperative commonwealth.

All save 1,073 of the 205,971 farms in the land are of less than 300 acres, and there remain only 306 estates of 600 acres or more, survivals of feudalism. These barons live on the smaller islands, do not belong to the cooperatives. The politically powerful *husmaend*, bottom of the peasant class, count 110,000 with holdings under twenty-five acres, a third of all with less than nine acres. Were it not for the cooperatives, they would be unable to make a decent living on these tiny plots.

**Eggs**—Mr. Howe's egg man is a potent figure among these humble stalwarts. His cooperative has 45,000 members, with 700 branches in the country. Members must sell their eggs only to the society, must collect them weekly, get fined heavily for a product which might make English breakfasters say "something's rotten in Denmark's eggs." At the end of the year, the net surplus of earnings is distributed, half going to the local branch, half placed in reserve as working capital.

The egg man, likely as not, lives among the rich cornfields of breeze-swept Jutland. His little farm is neat, is his own, for in Denmark 95 per cent. of the farmers own their property in fee, fewer than 5 per cent. are tenants. A blue-eyed, blond descendant of the Norsemen, he has in his dwelling electricity and phone, like most all farmers; has, too, central heating, a decorative radio set. His estate is twenty-five acres, and from it in 1936 he derived a net income of $410, after allowances for all working costs and interest payments. Out of the consumer dollar he gets 60 cents.

**Liberal**—Part and parcel of the people and the State, he would rather miss his breakfast than his morning paper, subscribes to many publications. To attend a lecture, or to study at the folk school, he will walk miles in the snow. A fearless, easy-going Protestant, lacking patience with out-worn prejudices and traditions, he is liberal in his ideas on marriage, sex hygiene, personal liberty and women's rights.

Cautious with his funds, but not a tightwad, this typical Danish farmer banks his surplus cash in the cooperative savings banks. There are 530 such institutions in the rural areas, with deposits totaling $450,000. He may be a member of several of the 7,000 cooperative societies in the nation, consumers' retail, wholesale, marketing, manufacturing bodies.

## **REVIVAL:** Nicolas de Molas Reintroduces Conversation Pictures With Amusing Results

Until Nicolas de Molas revived the mode, no one had painted conversation pictures* for 200 years. Quite by accident, the young Russian artist solved a knotty painting problem with this type of picture, which proved him as excellent a diplomat as he is a painter. That was six years ago, and since then conversation pictures have been "the thing" in England; are rapidly gaining similar approval here.

The reinvention of conversation pictures "happened" during a week-end spent in the English countryside at Chatsworth House, the estate of the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke's eldest son, the Marquess of Hartington, had invited de Molas to discuss a picture he wanted painted to hang above the mantle in the ancient paneled dining-hall.

The painter found the house filled with unbelievably perfect antiques and nineteen overactive grandchildren, all of whom begged to be included in the picture. Watching them romping with their dogs, playing at tennis and golf, swimming, sliding down the beautiful banisters, de Molas got the first glimmer of the solution to his problem.

**English Scenes**—If this whole thing could be distilled, de Molas thought to himself, and transferred to a canvas, it could make an entertaining picture, as well as appeasing the nineteen grandchildren. He vaguely outlined his incompleted plan to the Marquess, who gave it hearty approval. So de Molas painted what he had seen during his visit, portraying each member of the family engaged at whatever had most interested him that week-end. A new era of conversation pictures had opened.

*Portraits of people in their most usual surroundings, they take their name from the eighteenth century fad popularized chiefly by Hogarth, actually started in Italy in the sixteenth century, to serve as the same sort of reminder that photographs do to-day.

Lord Charles Cavendish saw the candid-cameralike painting and ordered one as a wedding present for his nimble-footed bride, the American dancer, Adele Astaire. Another pleasant week-end in the country plus a fat fee (de Molas charges from $2,000 to $5,000, depending on size), and the second one got under way. Hawk-eyed, the painter watched the goings-on at Lismore Castle, Ireland, and recorded them in bird's-eye fashion on his canvas. His impressions made a gay picture, dominated by the massive, turreted castle and its grounds, with guests fishing in a stream, and the owner of it all proudly displaying a prize catch to Miss Astaire, who is surrounded by four of her pets.

When American-born Lady Astor heard what de Molas was up to, she notified him that she "couldn't live another minute" without a conversation picture. The painter, who has a nice sense of humor which he injects into his paintings, signified that he did not want to contribute to the death-rate, so a third conversation picture went into his repertoire.

**American Assignments**—Conversation pictures do not necessarily have to be pastoral scenes, altho it has happened that most of de Molas' commissions have been from clients who were country gentlemen, and wanted to be recorded in that rôle. His American assignments include the rendering of the tangible properties of Mr. and Mrs. Verner Z. Reed, painted with their house, hounds, horses and heir.

A similar photostatic oil of the real estate holdings that Mr. and Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont call home shows the owners with their house, garden and gardeners, fountains, motor and the open-air stage on which they give Gilbert and Sullivan operas in the summer. Mrs. du Pont scans an architect's blue-print of the estate. Mr. du Pont was originally painted with one hand in his coat-pocket, the other held aloft in a gesture of "Hi, fellas; look what I've got." After a second look at himself as another had seen him, Mr. du Pont decided he did not like his expressive arm. So de Molas obligingly covered

Courtesy Wildenstein Galleries

Candid canvas-painting wherein Lady Cavendish (Adele Astaire) gets a fish from Lord Charles. Week-end guests disport themselves in pond below

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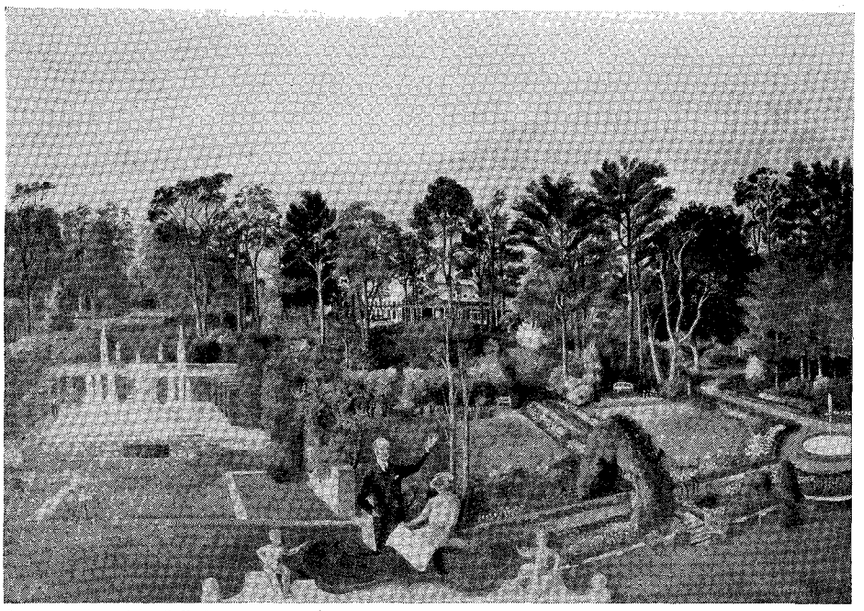
it with grass and painted another one which ends up in the du Pont pocket.

Currently, de Molas is putting the finishing touches on his first interior conversation picture. It will show Mrs. Truxton Beale at her favorite hobby—hostess at a reception for the diplomatic corps in the drawing-room of her home, Decatur House, Washington, D. C. In it the artist has lined up the representatives of most of the world powers, having a gala time.

**Artist**—The biography of de Molas is as fabulous as anything that has come out of Russia. At thirty-two he realizes that, and is hard at work on a self-portrait in words, to be published this spring in England (and later here) under the title, "I Hate You All." It is an imaginary biography, written in the third person.



Courtesy Wildenstein Galleries

Mr. de Molas put Mr. du Pont's two hands in his pockets in the final painting

**Fact**—The portions of the book based on fact will include:

1. Birth and early life in St. Petersburg among White Russians.
2. Education in Italy and art training in the Progressive New Art School (St. Petersburg) directed by Alexander Jakovlev, who is now a Professor at Harvard.
3. The necessity of getting a job after the Revolution, which took him to the Marinsky Theater as an assistant scene-painter for two years. (He worked on sets for operas by Uncle Rimsky-Korsakoff.)
4. Shifting scenery with a touring theatrical group, supposedly engaged in a propaganda tour for the Bolsheviks. This was in 1921, and there hadn't been time for propaganda plays to be written, so the company gave a romantic drama of Goldoni's.
5. His escape from Russia, under difficulties that surmount belief, to Prague.
6. A year's study there after luckily winning a scholarship at the art school.
7. A visit with his family, also refugees from Russia, at their ancestral villa on the Italian Riviera. There he joined the Fascists—whom he now hisses—for a "free ride to Rome" during Mussolini's historic march on the capital.
8. Starving in Rome for a year till America came to the rescue under the cloak of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who gave him a job as art director. After two years with the film company he had enough money to paint, so he left after turning down an offer to go to Hollywood.
9. After a year of painting, his first one-man show in London (1925), where he sold twenty-eight out of thirty pictures exhibited.

**Versatile**—To-day, de Molas is a true internationalist. He has studios in New York, London and Paris, and is a prime example of the overworked adjective versatile. Aside from painting, de Molas has designed stage and opera sets and costumes—they interest him most at the moment—textiles, modern furniture, rugs, window-shades, mosaics and mantelpieces. He is an architect, sculptor and fashion sketcher, as well as a painter.

An exhibit of sixty-eight drawings, paintings and water-colors, and seven conversation pictures, was displayed at the Wildenstein Gallery in New York City last week. Next month, and in April and May, the conversation pictures will be shown in San Francisco, Chicago and Washington, D. C.

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# PRESIDENT'S PORTRAIT:

## Margaret White Has Her Difficulties in Painting Roosevelt

Painters of President Roosevelt, and there have been fifteen since he took office, disregard political affiliations to agree that he is the world's worst subject. He won't pose! Another common complaint is the mobility of his face. Expressions flit across his aristocratic countenance with the speed of lightning—too fast for any artist to catch.

The last one to paint the Chief Executive was Margaret White (wife of the muralist, Victor White.) Her portrait of the President appears on this week's cover. It was a commission for the New York Harvard Club.

A close friend and classmate of the President's at both Groton and Harvard decided that the club should have a portrait of its most distinguished member, painted while he was still in office. The only other member during this generation to achieve the White House was the late Theodore Roosevelt. Because no member had the foresight to suggest painting that Roosevelt while he was President, the club to-day has only a reproduction of the John Singer Sargent portrait.

**Details**—It took more than a year to arrange the details for getting the President to pose, and to warm up the lukewarm enthusiasm of Harvard Club members to subscribe $1,000 for the painting. It was finally finished and hung in 1935.

Later, and particularly during the campaign, anti-Roosevelt members found their small subscription fee repaying interest. It saved them spending money at movies to boo the Democratic nominee. Instead, they sat in the comfort of the club, drinking liquor made legal by their fellow alumnus, venting their political spleen at his likeness.

Election night, a Republican member seized the portrait and announced: "It's time we threw this thing in the garbage can," and started out the door to do just that. Attendants grabbed him, retrieved the picture, and threw him out instead.

**Sitting**—Mrs. White started work on the painting in the spring of 1935. She spent a week in Washington and "came back a wreck" to her Woodmere, Long Island, studio to finish it. She worked in the Executive Offices every morning while the President carried on the affairs of state. "He came in about 10 and worked hard and steadily until 1. Visitors were ushered in and out with factorylike precision. If they had a ten-minute appointment they were timed with a stop-watch—and there were no five-minute overtime good-bys, either."

Working under conditions that "couldn't possibly have been worse," Mrs. White has no idea what business was discussed or which celebrities were her subject's visitors. "They could have talked State secrets and I wouldn't have heard a word, because that picture required more concentration than any I've ever done."

Only one thing impressed her about these interviews: "After the gravest talks were over, the President would always say something entertaining, and make every one laugh. The transition from a serious, worried executive into a very human person never failed."

**No Luck**—After five days of getting nowhere, Mrs. White cried figuratively on the shoulder of the Presidential secretary, Marvin McIntyre. She asked him to get Mr. Roosevelt to really sit for her on her last day there, a Saturday. McIntyre got the President's consent, after he and McIntyre agreed that this would be the portrait to end all portraits. But Saturday came and the thousand people who couldn't get in to see him all week piled in then, so it was just like all the other days.

Tho he really didn't pose, the President made no objections to the liberties Mrs. White took with his office. It is an oval room almost entirely broken by French windows. This made the light wrong, so the artist drew all the curtains, and placed a searing spotlight directly above the Presidential desk.

"He did all Government's business for six days under this strong, hot light. I know the glare must have bothered him, for he shaded his eyes with his hands, but he never once complained."

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# The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

**Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.**

**corpse.**—"E. C. S.," Woodlawn, Md.—The plural of *corpse* is *corpses*, and the word is pronounced as if written *korps'es*.

**gesture.**—"H. M. S.," Bronxville, N. Y.—As *gestures* may be expressive of feeling or of thought indicating approval, scorn, acquiescence or refusal, they may also indicate antagonism or opposition, as in the case of the knights of old who, in the shaking of their lances, made *gestures* of defiance.

But, *gesture* has a secondary significance that has arisen out of the insincerity of people. A mere *gesture* may be one of affectation or of shallow pretense, but such *gestures* are attributed chiefly to women, and to ranting, canting politicians given to cheap *gestures* which, altho made to impress, generally end in revealing hypocrisy.

*Gestures* have been mean and shabby, generous and kind. The word has been used to the point of strain in such a phrase as, "the correct *gesture* in jewelry today . . ." In November, 1922, press dispatches ran—"The movement against Prohibition in New Jersey is only a *gesture*. The Governor promised to make the State as wet as the Atlantic."

**hamburger.**—"G. C. T.," Santa Barbara, Calif.—This is a German term, made up from the name of the town of *Hamburg* (Germany) plus *-er*, ending of toponymic adjectives. *Hamburger* is the shortened form for *hamburger* (or *hamburg*) *steak*—finely ground or chopped beef.

**have at.**—"E. E. B.," Washington, D. C.—The idiom "have at," tho formerly in frequent usage, is now archaic. It can not be condemned as incorrect nor as in poor taste. There are instances where its usage would be quite warranted. But in the example as quoted, there is nothing to indicate that the more common expression, "get at the matter in hand," or "take up the matter in hand," would not be preferable to "have at."

**jam, jamb.**—"J. H.," Pittsfield, Mass.—*Jam*, a block as in a river or other passage, is a spelling that dates from the early 18th century (1726). It is the spelling used in combination, particularly in the lumber trade, as in such phrases as, *jam-boom, jam-breaker*, etc. The form *jamb*, with the meaning of gorge or jam, such as is occasioned by the piling up of chunks of ice one upon the other so as to form a dam or barrier, was first used in or about 1890.

**phrase.**—"V. M. S.," Bingham, Ill.—A phrase is *a combination of related words* forming an element of a sentence, and equivalent to a noun, an adjective, or an adverb. A *phrase* may be introduced by a *preposition*, thus forming a prepositional phrase; by an *infinitive*, thus forming an infinitive phrase; by a *participle*, thus forming a participial phrase.

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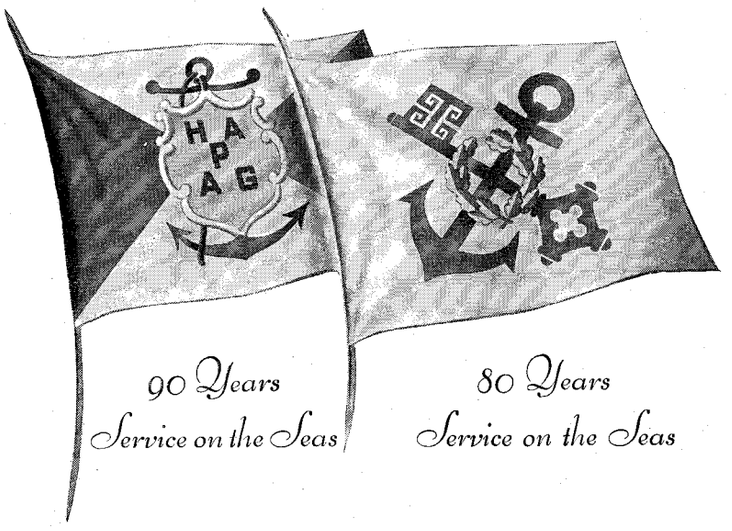


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# DE BONO TELLS OF AFRICAN CONQUEST

## Writer Says Mussolini Feared British Intervention

Italians, for the most part, had to learn to hate the English. In this they were aided last year by the appearance of a book* which revealed how, at one time, their *Duce* almost canceled his African expedition for fear of British attack.

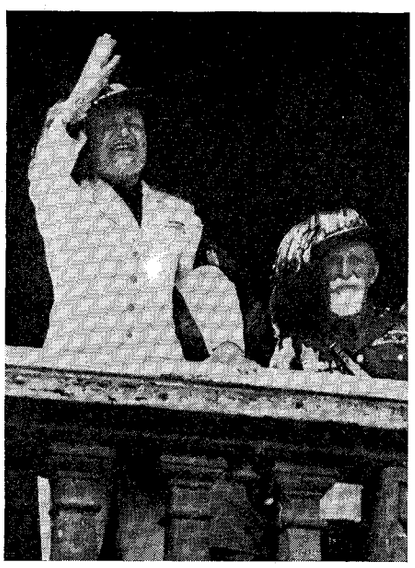
Last week, with the appearance of a third printing, following a sold-out second edition (both of which were marked for publication in 1937), Italians at home and abroad noted certain deletions, including the passage which intimated that Mussolini had been on the point of abandoning his campaign in the face of British armed intervention.

Close observers of Fascist politics remarked significantly that the aged author, Marshal Emilio De Bono—a close friend of Mussolini and a pillar of Fascism—came out with his story of the conquest of Haile Selassie before his successor, Marshal Pietro Badoglio, published his own account of the major and latter part of the fighting and the reduction of Addis Ababa, the Ethiopian Capital.

**Blessings**—Knowing that Mussolini habitually relegates those who attract too much popular attention to obscure positions, Italians cited the case of Gen. Italo Balbo, whom *Il Capo del Governo* sent far from home as Governor of Libya. That, some thought, explained how the aged De Bono dared to reproduce in his book one of his cable messages in which he warned *Il Duce* against "some facileness" (*faciloneria*) which might be impressed upon you by Lessona (then Colonial Minister), and perhaps by Badoglio.

All Italy wondered if getting De Bono's book into the field first was not a shrewd move engineered by Mussolini to warn the Italian public against overlionizing Marshal Badoglio.

In support of this theory, they cite a significant passage in Mussolini's introduction: "Without what we shall call the De Bono Period, the victorious completion of the campaign would have been neither possible nor conceivable . . . Emilio De Bono is the author of the African victory, and as such to him is due the gratitude of the country."



Globe

Did Il Duce inflate conqueror De Bono . . .

As if to merit such high praise, De Bono tries to explain the difficulties he encountered in transforming, within about ten months, the torrid, waterless cities of Eritrea into far-stretching colonies of barracks and tents; of how he had to purchase enough food, fuel and equipment to last a host of about 250,000 soldiers, laborers and beasts for three years or more.

**Preparing**—According to the Marshal, things really began to happen, at least in the *Duce's* mind, about 1932, when they both conjured up an Italian Empire. At that time De Bono was Minister of Colonies. He had taken part in the 1896 East African campaign, when, at Adowa, the Italians were massacred by the Abyssinians. Under Mussolini he was Governor of Libya, a trusted soldier who knew the colonies and was deeply schooled in African campaigns.

During that year he had visited Italy's East African colonies—Eritrea and Somaliland—and, with the consent of Mussolini, he induced the King to honor the possessions with a tour two years later. His dream of adding Abyssinia to the colonies began to bud, and he had lengthy talks with *Il Duce*. After obtaining the latter's general approval, De Bono saw to it that both the Cabinet and the Senate were apprized of their dream "in a very vague form."

**Secret**—When the idea was born in their minds, Mussolini had fixed on 1936 for the military operations and made it clear that none beside himself and De Bono were to be let in on the secret. Later they both agreed the time was ripe, because they had been reliably informed there was "disaffection" between the Abyssinian *Rases* (Chieftains) and the Central Government of Haile Selassie. To De Bono's warning that "money, plenty of money" would be required, the Dictator answered: "Money shall not be lacking."

Working in deep secrecy, they diverted money appropriated for road work to carrying out similar construction in Eritrea and enlarging the port of Massawa, for fear that Parliamentary discussion of war funds might evoke international repercussions. This done, *Il Duce* set 1935 for the campaign.

"A truly active policy in Ethiopia was undertaken after setting up a political office . . . in direct relation with our Legation in Addis Ababa, which had received categorical instructions from *Il Duce*." The head of this political office was "a profound student of men, terrain, machinations and subterfuge," and his experience enabled him to spread a "special net of informers who allowed him to establish direct contacts with the chieftains of the peoples we wanted to work on."

"Every region of Ethiopia was canvassed . . . The result of this political action of disintegrating (the Ethiopians) . . . was to subtract from our enemy not fewer than 200,000 men who either did not take up arms or else stayed passive."

**Curtain Delayed**—The stage was set, but Ethiopia would not provide a Serajevo. So unwilling to oblige the plotters was Haile Selassie that *Il Duce* wrote to De Bono: "Since the *Negus* has no intention of attacking us, we ourselves should take the initiative."

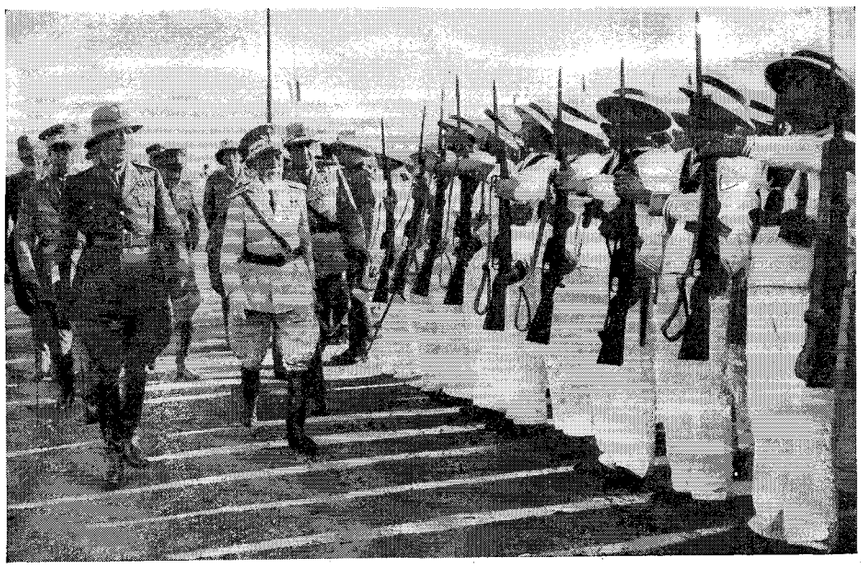
On the specific order of Mussolini, foreign correspondents were to be accorded first-class treatment.

**The Bill**—Interesting as all these intimate details were to the Italians, they failed utterly to appease the popular curiosity on one point: What is being done in the conquered empire to-day? What of the promised vast cotton crops, the hidden gold- and silver-mines? When would colonization start on a large enough scale to relieve congestion at home and put thousands of idle men to work?

And, even as they pondered, they received the disquieting news that the budget estimate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, would mark up a new financial record in Italian history—$1,250,000,000.

Still no answer to the burning question: What price Ethiopia?

*LA PREPARAZIONE E LE PRIME OPERAZIONI (Preparations and the Initial Operations). By Emilio De Bono. Introduction by Benito Mussolini. Istituto Nazionale Fascista di Cultura, 1937—Rome—XV.



Keystone

. . . to deflate conqueror Badoglio? (Left)



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## *Religion*

# UNBELIEVERS OF RIGHT AND LEFT WINGS

## Groups Range from Humanists, Exalting Man, to Atheists

The tall, red-haired stranger held his watch in his hand as he stood in the pulpit under the garish flood of light. "Now if God exists," he announced calmly, "I will give Him exactly two minutes to prove it—to strike me dead!"

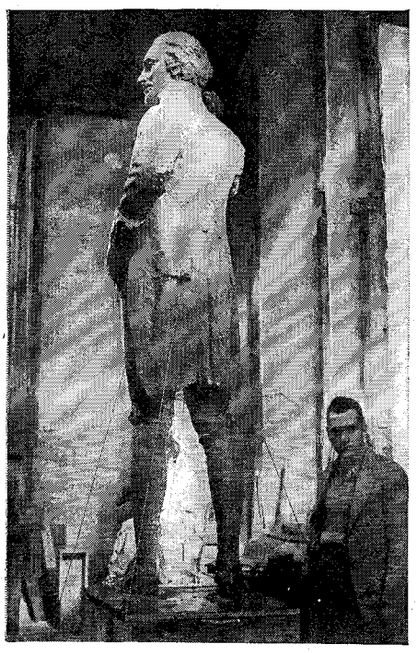
Agast, the fashionable congregation held its breath, watched him nonchalantly trace a finger around the dial. Presently, he looked up, smiled triumphantly.

Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, enacted this bit of serio-comic blasphemy one Sunday evening in a Kansas City, Missouri, church back in 1926. The next day, a local humorist deposited at his door-step a shop-window display straw hat big enough for a dinosaur, while up and down the country editorial writers and preachers cried, "Atheist!"

Then, as now, the use of this tag to shouters of irreligion was characteristic of loose public thinking when done on the quick. Lewis was, and remains to-day, as Longfellow Fiske points out in the January issue of the Catholic *Pax*, a champion of modern Humanism, an intellectual movement of agnostic savor gaining rapid headway in the United States, which eliminates God in the ordinary sense and exalts man.

**Puzzle**—Growing by leaps and bounds during the depression years, Humanism and a farrago of other agnostic and quasi-atheistic movements long have been a puzzle to national tabulators of religious figures. The reason is that non-church members are increasingly reluctant to define their precise beliefs.

At least 70,000,000 people are currently in this category, according to religious liberals. Drifting, most of them have lost interest in the old religions, have become indifferent to the faiths subscribed to by 54,000,000 fellow Americans who are on church rolls; are lukewarm to the million or so organized dissidents.



Eight feet of Thomas Paine, freethinker of eighteenth century

Into these latter ranks fall two groups: Left-wingers, making up Freethinkers and Atheists, and Right-wingers, making up Humanists, Unitarians, Universalists, Ethical Culturalists, Hicksite Quakers, radical members of certain church groups and Rationalists.

**High Priests**—The two high priests of the Leftists are gray-haired, fiery Charles Smith, forty-eight, an ex-divinity student, who heads the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism; and Joseph Lewis, silver-haired, forty-seven-year-old ex-haberdasher, head and founder of the Freethinkers of America, who differs from his rival in that he seeks to build up, the other seeks to tear down.

High priest of the most active Right group is the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, fifty-one, ex-Baptist preacher, who leads the Humanists. Last week, Lewis and Potter made national news for church oppositionists, the one hying off to Europe to dedicate a statue to Thomas Paine, No. 1 freethinker in the eighteenth century, the other holding his annual convention.

Accompanied by his wife and daughter, Lewis, on January 29, will unveil in Paris an eight-foot effigy by Gutzon Borglum which is being presented to the French Government. Coincidentally, in at least twenty-five large American cities, Paine admirers will celebrate the 200th anniversary of his birth.

**Heroes**—Without benefit of traditional grace, speakers will exalt the aims and principles of the Freethinkers. Organized in 1929 in New York, this group has for its heroes Spencer, Darwin, Emerson, Ibsen, Rousseau, Byron, Shakespeare, and, of course, Paine; has 30,000 members.

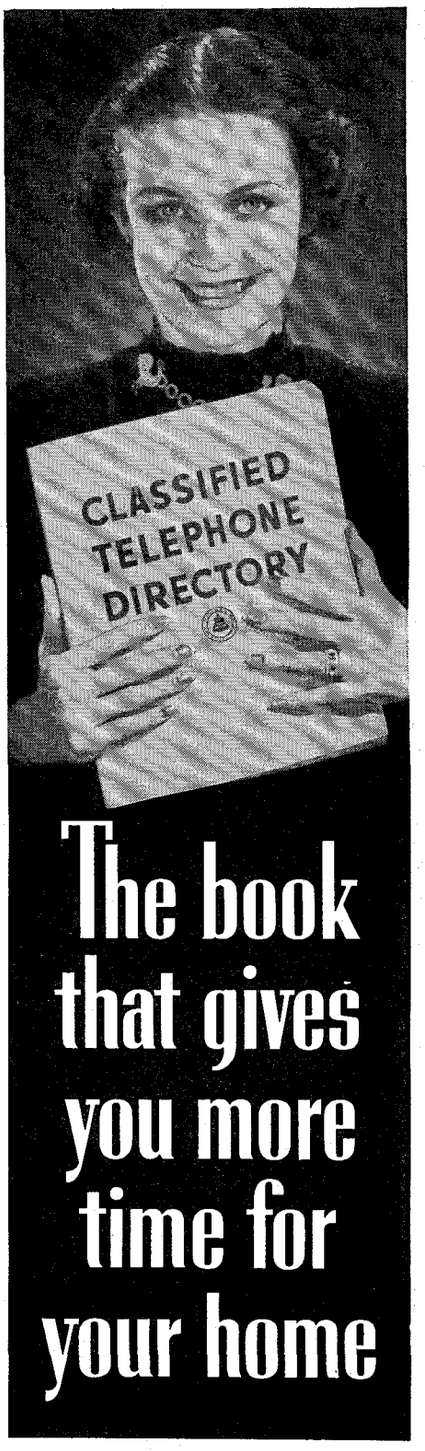
Chief aim: to accomplish and maintain separation of the Church and the State.

Lesser aims: to eradicate prejudice, to promote peace, to spread education, to rationalize morality and to realize self-government of the people. Honorary Vice-Presidents include Bertrand Russell, Harry Elmer Barnes, Clarence Darrow, Herbert Asbury, Rupert Hughes, Sir Arthur Keith, Edouard Herriot.

Founder Lewis was "converted" to irreligion at the age of twelve in Montgomery, Alabama, his home city, when his brother Nat, Ingersoll admirer, brought books home. While still a youth, he moved with his family to New York, started, after graduation from evening high school, a haberdashery which evolved into a chain of America's first Dollar Shirt shops. In 1921 he published his famed "The Tyranny of God," which became the rallying point of loosely-knit freethinkers. He likes to quote George Washington: "The United States Government is in no sense founded upon Christian religion. The United States is not a Christian nation, any more than it is a Jewish nation, or a Mohammedan nation."

Doctor Potter's Humanists, unlike these and other atheists, do not take a negative stand against God. They do not admit a God, say nothing about God at all. The atheists say: "We do *not* believe in God"; the Humanists, "We *do* believe in man."

Born in Marlboro, Massachusetts,




The book that gives you more time for your home

SAVE hours of hunting. Save time and trouble in shopping around. Just turn to the 'yellow pages' of your telephone directory.

There you will find a convenient list of nearby trades-people — plumbers, decorators, carpenters, electricians, etc. And you will also find the local authorized dealers of many well-known brands.

Then, just telephone to place your order or ask for a demonstration or an estimate

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Humanist Potter: "We do believe in man"

Doctor Potter was a printer's devil, a reporter, lecturer; was ordained a Baptist preacher, afterward embraced Unitarianism. A decade ago he became a national figure for his debates with the late John Roach Straton, fundamentalist preacher; for his work as Bible expert to Clarence Darrow in the famed Scopes "monkey trial" at Dayton, Tennessee, in 1935.

An outstanding authority on comparative religion, Doctor Potter gave up the Universalist Pastorate of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York in 1929, founded the First Humanist Society of New York, "mother church" of Humanists. Currently, there are 15,000 members of the organization, with branch groups in Hollywood; Berkeley, California; Kansas City; Sioux City, Iowa; Chicago. In addition, more than fifty Unitarian churches have Humanist ministers, and, in the words of the soft-spoken, personable leader, at least a million persons have been changed in some way by Humanist thoughts and deeds.

**No Prayers**—Humanists do not pray, do not worship, conduct simple meetings which consist in the main of talks and lectures. They do have hymns, but followers who attend Doctor Potter's meetings in New York's Steinway Hall are so anti-church that they can't even stand them. The society meets every Sunday; held, last week, its eighth annual meeting, at which it heard glowing reports of new admirers and progress of abolition of war, prevention of crime, raising of the cultural level and legalization of birth control, all of which Humanists actively sponsor. Doctor Potter was able to announce that Humanism is now a living movement in England, Australia, France, Russia and other lands.

In the three outstanding religious events of all good Christians, christening, wedding and funeral, the Humanists are unique. Christening is called a service of recognition, and children so christened are given a symbolic rosebud, the minister intoning: "As this bud opens, so may your life unfold and bless those about you." Couples are not wedded by a third, but wed themselves, composing their own vows. In funerals, the body is not present. Sung or read is the favorite song or poem of the deceased, done in the presence of the person's photograph or painting. This is concluded with a review of the late Humanist's talents, or his work on earth.

First use of the word atheist was in early Rome, which applied it to the first Christians; first use of the word agnostic was in the 1860's by Thomas Huxley, who invented it to oppose that of gnostic, early interpreter of religious lore.

## MISSIONARIES: Asbury Park Conference Reports Troubles with African Heathens

Darkest Africa always has been a tough spot for Christian missionaries. To jungle fever, unbearable heat, the tick and the lion are added for the young pale-face evangel the difficulties of dialect, deep-rooted tribal fetish, and the politics of the white man who fears his black comrades, too Christianized, might get too chesty.

Last week, 300 delegates from the major Foreign Mission Boards of North America gathered at Asbury Park, New Jersey, in annual conference to hear reports that missionary work still was a tough project in Africa, mission converts hard to get and hold. India and China, on the other hand, reported a greater boring-in progress, so that Dr. Robert E. Speer, veteran missionary leader and Chairman, was able to announce that, at the end of fifty years of work, Korea had more Christians than there were in all the Roman Empire at the end of the first Christian century.

**"Rev. Trombone"**—There are about 2,000 Christian missionaries in Africa, well distributed over the continent. Famed among them has been Homer Rodeheaver, trombone-playing song-leader for the late Billy Sunday. A big, husky Tennesseean, he recently returned from the Belgian Congo, where he got 10,000 converts. He had visiting blacks call him "the Rev. Trombone," played for them "The Brewers' Big Horse Can't Walk Over Me," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and other such seductive airs.

Back home, swelling with pride, he said:

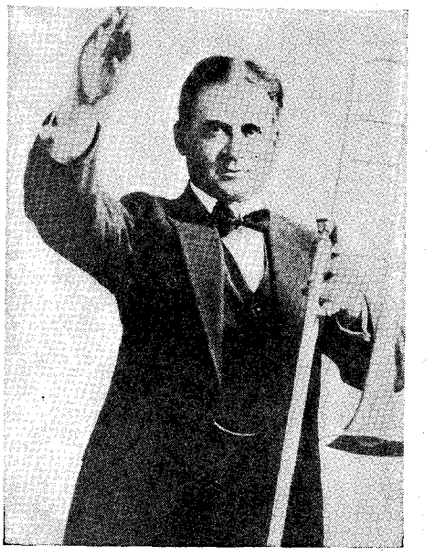
"So I step up in the dark of the moon in a strange village. I got no guides, no gun-bearers, except my little old trombone of the Lord. I slip into 'Walk in Jerusalem Like John,' slow at first, and then faster. They come running into the village, and before long, without my asking, 'Will you abide with me or sing with me?' they are doing a shuffle and ahumming, repeating just that phrase. Soon they're surprized I got nothing to sell. So I sell them, for nothing, the Negro spirituals."

**Report**—The Congo was as easy as that for Mr. Rodeheaver, but the northern regions of Nigeria and the southern areas around the Union of South Africa were no cinches to fellow workers. As the Asbury Park session got under way, the January number of *World Dominion* reported:

"One ugly fact stands boldly out and dominates the missionary horizon of South Africa; there are more than 3,000,000 heathen in the Union. After considerably more than a century of missionary service, there are more heathen people in the country than when the early missionaries began their work.

"Ought not this fact to bite into the consciousness of every missionary church? Obviously, a major task of the missionary forces is that of evangelism.

**Prejudice**—After stating that European agents were not adequate, it goes on to say: "But there are many adversaries. Not always do even the people in the churches



"The Reverend Trombone" Rodeheaver converted 10,000 heathen with his horn

follow in good numbers when a lead is given by the church assemblies. Prejudice against missionary work is found in high places in the land. There is a wide-spread fear of the competition of the black man, should he be encouraged along the path of progress. It is much easier to exploit him when he is ignorant."

What will be done in the North is another matter. There, to field struggles are added the competing missionary work of the well-organized Mohammedans. Much more effective in making converts, the Moslems in Nigeria, for example, garner ten blacks to the Christians' one. This is due mainly to the united front presented by followers of the Prophet. It makes the process simple for the convert. *Allah* is the same all over the desert and jungle, whereas if the native embraces Christianity he may be alined with any one of a number of denominations, all rivaling one another.

What makes it more difficult for the Christian missionaries is that the majority of Moslem rivals in Nigeria are natives, which gives them a better entry into the *hinterland*. Moreover, every Mohammedan is an active proselytist.

**Encouragement**—Nevertheless, the report brought back to the Asbury Park Conference by Dr. John H. Reisner, Executive Secretary of the Interdenominational Agricultural Missions Foundation, was encouraging. Conditions have vastly improved in the last decade, and the colonial Governments, he added, were strenuously attempting to provide for the needs of the people in their vast rural territories.

The one disconcerting note in his report was that, because of a lack of numbers, the missionary body in Africa as a whole was less in touch with the villages than ten years ago. The young missionaries, he found, were being concentrated in central stations, unable to learn the language, customs and psychology of the natives.

To many a mission conference delegate, more salient than the two major issues of rural reconstruction undertakings in far-away lands and enlistment of the interest of young America in mission work, was the fact that Doctor Speer, tall, white-haired Executive Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, was retiring after forty-six years of service. Most notable fact to him in that time was, "God is the same," which was the theme of his valedictory address.

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# NAMES! NAMES! WHAT'S IN A NAME?

## Prominent Names Make "Believe-It-or-Not" Copy

"The most frightening name I have heard is Edmund Blunden; the most friendly, Laura Benét," writes Leonard Feeney, S.J., Associate Editor of the Catholic weekly *America*.

As a major American poet, author of the Catholic best-seller, "Fish on Friday," and with no little shuddering at the lack of euphony in his own name, Leonard Feeney lists the following:

Ugly names: Negley Farson, Avery Brundage, Aldous Huxley and Westbrook Pegler.

Singsong names: Fanny Burney, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Eugene O'Neill.

Unsuccessful combinations: James Joyce, John Keats, Sol Blum.

Successful combinations: Alexander Pope, Lafcadio Hearn, Christopher Wren, John Galsworthy, Jacques Maritain.

**Name Formula**—From the unsuccessful and the successful combinations, Leonard Feeney concludes that two monosyllabic names should be buttressed with a polysyllabic one: George Bernard Shaw, John Bannister Tabb, James Montgomery Flagg, *etc.*

Reminiscent of the editorial interest aroused by Wilfred J. Funk's list of the ten most beautiful words* is Leonard Feeney's interest in names which will give a child a fighting chance—or relieve him of an adolescent obligation *to* fight.

For so unusual are the surnames of some of America's leading citizens that they have proved capital for Believe-It-or-Not Ripley. In his syndicated column, Ripley has unearthed O. C. Keener, an optometrist; Doctor A. Sickman and Doctor Pullam, the dentist. Fred Ice makes ice in Manhattan, Kansas; there is an organist known as C. Sharpe Minor; a firm selling firearms called Goforth and Battle; a tea and coffee man named T. N. Koffey.

No small number of odd names were created in the last century when all Jews in Germany and Austria were compelled to adopt surnames. Officials delighted in selecting whimsical titles for a defenseless people. One merchant paid half his fortune to have a "w" inserted in Schweisshund so that he might be Herr Bloodhound rather than Herr Dirty Dog.

**Headaches**—Keenest need for attractive names to-day arises among movie stars. It took Joan Crawford one contest, a threatened lawsuit and a top-notch publicity man to find a substitute for Lucille Le Seur. Other headaches were awarded to Paul Weisenfreund and Emanuel Goldenberg, who alleviated the pain by calling themselves Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson.

Whenever a weighty Rodolpho Alfonso Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla turns up in Hollywood, publicity men offer a Rudolph Valentino to a hungry public. Latest sensation has been the child star, Simone Simon. From a publicity man's view-point, it is a "natural." Easy to remember, suited for theater lights and fulfilment of a publicity man's dream—a controversy over pronunciation, it was a name scoop.

**Juniors**—Even to the public given to reading society notes, the distinction between Junior and II is not always clear. But it's important. Society editors explain that II may be worn only when a child is named after a living grandfather. Hence, when the present J. P. Morgan's son was christened Junius Spencer Morgan, the succession was broken. It was resumed only when Junius Spencer Morgan named his son John Pierpont II.

Psychologists step in to warn parents that it's singularly bad practise to name children after their fathers so that they suffer under the tag of "Junior" for a number of years. A vast number of inferiority complexes have developed from lads who just couldn't bear to be called "Junior."

Equally dangerous in the process of naming is any decision to call a boy John, James, Robert or Henry. Anything that is unusually common holds promise of difficulty for its wearer. On the other hand, the proud Shakespeares of to-day should refrain from their desire to name their sons William. While it gives a certain distinction, it subjects its wearer to endless quips and practical jokes.

To newspaper men, names of any size are no joke. Peggy Joyce is merely a convenient designation for Marguerite Upton Hopkins Archer Joyce Morner. But for death's cruel hand, the surname of Vivian Jackson would have been added.

**Solution**—Altho few people marry as frequently as Peggy Joyce, some society matrons come pretty close. Intermarriages among the Four Hundred are common enough to confuse the most astute society reporter. To solve the name burden, Mrs. Margaret Emerson has reverted by court decree to her maiden title. Before the simplification, she was known as Mrs. Margaret Emerson Amory Baker Vanderbilt McKim. Her children were Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Gloria Baker.

The only possible solution to the rapid turnover of names in society is the permanent adoption of the maiden name by all women, prefaced by Mrs. This would eliminate the enormous turnover in initialed linen, luggage and silverware.

Meanwhile, from the horde of books on baby naming and pronunciation, a new national sport lurks in the offing. When the meanings of Christian names are substituted for the name, and attached to surnames, some weird combinations result. Germany's *Fuehrer* becomes "Noble-Wolf" Hitler. His right hand man is appropriately enough "War-Man" Goering. The British Prime Minister is in reality "Glory-of-the-Camp" Baldwin. Ranking male movie star becomes "Shining Fame" Taylor; two well-known ladies of the screen are "Bitter" Davies and "Our Lady of Sorrows" Del Rio. Landon, the ex-Governor of Kansas, is "Supernaturally Wise" and William Randolph Hearst is "Resolute Protector, House-Wolf" Hearst.

But chief honors to date have been awarded to Vice President Garner as "God's Gracious Gift" Garner.

*Mr. Funk's ten most beautiful words, widely bandied about by the nation's editors in 1933, were: Dawn—lullaby—hush—luminous—murmuring—tranquil—mist—chimes—golden—melody.

### HOW TO NAME BABY

1. If the surname has one syllable, avoid a one-syllable first name. Example: *Montgomery Smith* rather than *George* or *John Smith.*

2. With a two-syllable last name, use either a one-syllable or three-syllable Christian name. Example: *John Hinton* or *Christopher Hinton* rather than *William Hinton* or *Frederick Hinton.*

3. When the last name has three syllables, use either a one- or two-syllable first name. Example: *Mary Dougherty* or *George Dougherty,* but not *Alexander Dougherty.*

4. If a middle name is to be used, it should contain more or fewer syllables than the surname, never the same.

5. Avoid overlapping consonants such as *Kathleen Norris, Bernard De Voto,* or *James Stephens.*

6. Get away as much as possible from *John, Albert, Elsie* and *Alice.* In later life men sometimes feel *John* is too common a name. *Albert* briefs into an undignified nickname. *Elsie* and *Alice* sound "arty" enough to make their possessors uncomfortable.

Note to babies: When selecting parents, remember that one out of every eight people in New York University's Hall of Fame has a surname beginning with "W."

Wide World

Stanley (Glory-of-the-Camp) Baldwin

Wide World

John (God's Gracious Gift) Garner



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# BIG BUSINESS IN PULP THRILLERS

## Love and Adventure Stories Gross $25,000,000 a Year

"Bill Wister eased back on his worn high heels and eared back the hammer. Roaming Reynolds expelled his breath and continued to stare into the twisted face. He could see the trigger-finger tightening inside the guard. And then a pebble rattled down the trail. Bill Wister acted instinctively and whirled toward the sound. His gun roared savagely. . . ."

While the reader of this Western story sits forward uncomfortably in his chair, its publisher may loll in his Rolls-Royce. The author, somewhere on the French Riviera, may be putting out the lights of his chateau. That day, he may have written 10,000 words at two cents a word. Two hundred dollars a day.

**Big Business**—In such squalor the men who make the pulp fiction struggle—pulp because it is printed on pulp-wood newsprint—a $25,000,000 annual industry. Long hours do the writers slave—at $10 to $40 an hour. Incessant is the reading of publishers whose cut in the industry is $5,000,000 a year.

*Thrilling Detective! Western Romances! Top-Notch! Five Novels Monthly! War Birds! Love Story Magazine! Black Mask! Adventure! Argosy!*

More than 200 of them; a minimum of 8,000,000 copies a month.

Vicarious pleasure is cheap—10 or 15 cents a copy of sixty-eight to more than 100 pages. A. A. Wynn, President of Magazine Publishers, sums it up in his succinct advertisement: "TEN STORIES FOR TEN CENTS!" Formed in 1928, Magazine Publishers now guarantees 800,000 circulation a month on the leading eight of his dozen magazines, which allows its owner scant time for supervising the gardening at his estate on Long Island Sound or adding to his collection of antique ivories.

**Profits**—Outside of show business, probably no other field of endeavor is so populated with the get-rich-quick boys. And, says Martin Goodman, young pulpeteer who started out in a hole in the wall less than four years ago, it's perfectly plausible. "If you get a title that catches on, then add a few more, you're in for a nice profit." Starting in 1932 with one title, *Complete Western*, Goodman to-day has fourteen, with a guaranteed circulation of 400,000. Altho pulps do not depend upon advertising for a profitable existence, blanket coverage of his group nets him $2,500 a month cigarette money. More cigarette money—a cent a copy profit on 200,000 copies returned from news-dealers and shipped off to England, totaling $2,000 a month.

Goodman considers titles most important; his successes are *Complete Western, Best Western, Star Sports Stories, Western Short Stories, Western Fiction.* "Fans are not interested in quality," is his theory.

© Street and Smith, Inc.

Romance illustrations gush suggestively: "Kit quivered at her rescuer's nearness."

© Standard Magazines, Inc.

Typical wild west illustration: "Steve kicked out as the man above him fired."

**Quality**—When told of Goodman's formula, Harry Steeger, of Popular Publications, pleaded: "Don't publish that! It isn't typical of pulp publishers. Of course, our public likes action stories. But our outfit has on its subscription list doctors, lawyers and university professors. Readers of this type know quality and demand it. We pay as high as five cents a word."

And Steeger's conscientious approach to his job has shown results. Starting out with four titles in 1930, he now has twenty-four, with over 1,000,000 circulation monthly, has been able to throw out all doubtful advertising, and has been able to breathe new life in that aristocrat of the pulp field, *Adventure*, which he bought from The Butterick Company.

**Formula**—The secret of successful pulp publishing, discovered by Street & Smith, publishers of nineteenth-century thrillers with such famous characters as *Nick Carter* and *Frank Merriwell*, is low production costs. For many years, Street & Smith remained the uncontested Ford of the magazine field. Even to-day, the production formula on a 10-cent pulp remains the same: run off at least a 100,000-copy edition; sell it to distributers at about 6½ cents; don't worry about returns unless they are over 50 per cent.

Except in the New York metropolitan area, from which returns may be collected easily and shipped to England, publishers pay remittances on the strength of returned covers. Thus they save shipping costs and, unfortunately, give bootleg newsdealers an opportunity to sell the "insides" of the magazine for a nickel. Advertising, in the pulp field, is so much velvet.

One-shot magazines also are printed with the shrewd intent of exploiting some craze—a new game, comic strips of *Mickey Mouse*, a collection of the more printable Mae West jokes—and remain undated on news-stands until they are sold out.

**Cycles**—For pulp publishing is a cyclical business, keyed to newspaper and motion-picture high-lights of the year.

Leo Margulies, Editorial Director of Standard Magazines, publishers of sixteen pulps, eight of whose titles start with the word "Thrilling," hit upon his *G-Men Magazine* as a natural reaction to last year's head-lines. Also he followed up the emphasis on sports derived from the Olympics with *Thrilling Sports.*

The trend of the immediate future in pulp publishing is easily forecast, according to Ed Bodin, author's agent. In times of depression, tales of horror find favor; to-day, demand is moving toward adventure and love; five new love magazines hit the news-stands in December.

Quickly are the pulps born; as quickly do they die, crushed in competition which imitates copyrighted titles as closely as the law allows. Mrs. Helen Meyer, Vice-President of Dell Publishing Company and the only woman executive in the business, says flatly that her firm kills magazines the instant they don't pay; her firm has murdered fifteen in the past ten years.

**Writers**—Magazines may die—even a writer's *nom de plume*—but words go on forever. Eighteen thousand of them a day—about a third of the length of an average popular novel—is the peak production schedule of Arthur J. Burks, speed

© Standard Magazines, Inc.

Dramatic detective story: "The door swung wide—a man strode into the room with drawn gun."



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Right now

are the months of

greatest hazard

*when you specially*

*need* good general

resistance!

Make a note of these few facts, and you may spare yourself much inconvenience and discomfort later this winter.

From actual studies on large groups of people, it has been found that common winter conditions, prevalent since fall, get into full swing right now—in January and February! These are the mid-winter months when they affect the greatest number of people, are most severe, and last longest.

What can *you* do to help avoid discomfort? It's sensible of course, to get more exercise, rest, and sunshine, to try and be careful when you're out in bad weather.

But these are not the *only* precautions you should take. In addition, start on a daily routine to help *build up your general resistance!*

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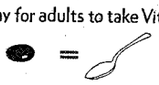

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

merchant of pulpeteers. Sitting down at his typewriter without an idea in his head, Burks can pick out any object in his New York hotel-room—a lamp-shade, perhaps. Within a page of writing, it has taken on the sinister implications of a certain mandarin's headgear, starting Burks along an Oriental trail that has netted him 8,000,000 words on a single typewriter he owned. If he doesn't make $400 a week, he feels he's going stale.

Erle Stanley Gardner, a forty-year-old lawyer who, fifteen years ago, "got tired of waiting for 'em to drop in," has learned how to turn out 10,000 words a day. With three secretaries, he spends much of his time traveling to odd corners of the world, profiting to the tune of about $75,000 a year.

Biggest income in the pulp field, however, is the annual harvest of Max Brand, also known as Frederick Faust, who averages $100,000 a year. Living on the French Côte d'Azure, for years he specialized in Westerns but turned out detective and other adventure stories by the ream. Ten thousand words a day is his average, he thinks, for fifteen years of writing, and dictating.

Supplying the demand for love-stories, such writers as Jane Littel, Peggy Gaddis, Ruby Ayres, Doris Knight and Mazie Gregg stack up well alongside masculine producers. Jane Littel, aside from editing two love-story magazines, writes three stories a week. Peggy Gaddis, living in Georgia, is reported to be supporting three families on what she makes; Mazie Gregg, from an extensive country seat in England, mails out 1,000,000 words a year, has completed her thirtieth novel, tho her age is "about thirty."

**Graduates**—But differentiated from the big producers and their horde of impecunious disciples are the writers learning the hard trade of fiction writing with far goals in view. Kenneth Littauer, Fiction Editor of *Collier's*, who has helped bring his magazine to the forefront in the national weekly field, was graduated from pulp editing. And many of his former pulp writers were graduated with him.

"Young writers," he says, "need have nothing to fear from an apprenticeship in the pulp field. The pulps offer excellent training in the management of structure and situation. It is a good idea to stick to a regular job in your early days of writing. Crashing the fiction gate in any field is not easy."

Harold Lamb, author of "The Crusades," authority on the middle ages, wrote much of his best fiction for *Adventure*, the superpulp. He has finally reached that seventh heaven of fiction writers, working for Walter Wanger of the movies.

Leonard Nason, author of "Chevrons," also was graduated from *Adventure*, hitting the Hollywood trail *via* the *Saturday Evening Post* route.

Recent success, known to every moviegoer, is "The Thin Man." In *Black Mask*, pulp readers have known the author, Dashiell Hammett, for years, read dozens of his stories comparable to the one which finally landed him in Hollywood at $2,500 a week.

Finally, in the literary world, "far from the madding crowd," stand the authors of such opuses as "An American Tragedy," "Main Street," "An Outline of History." Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis and H. G. Wells once did their stint at a cent or two a word.

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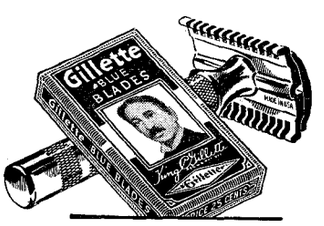


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## *Social Science*

# PROFESSIONAL HOSTESSES FOR CITIES

## Scores of Places Have Greeters to Welcome Newcomers

Amid the cluttered furniture and unpacked trunks of her new apartment in Knoxville, Tennessee, a young bride sobbed forlornly. Her husband had just been killed in an auto crash. Her mother was miles away. She didn't know any one in Knoxville.

A couple of hours after an unexpected knock at the door, her tears had dried; life looked less bleak. The miracle had been wrought by her caller, brown-eyed, tactful Mary Elliott, Knoxville's professional dispenser of Southern hospitality, prominent clubwoman and successful practitioner of a new profession for women—city hostessing.

From exclusive Kingston Pike residential section to the Mill District slums, she daily drives on her errands of welcome to the city's newcomers. Her avowed first aim, to perform a civic service; second, to smooth the paths of fifteen local business firms to the strangers' doors.

For playing this good-neighbor rôle to from 900 to 1,100 families a year, Miss Elliott receives many offers of tips and gifts (gently rejected because hers is a "dignified" job), heads the local Business and Professional Women's Club, holds other honorary offices.

**Course**—Her success has brought many requests for advice from women who wish they, too, could turn their charm to account and strangers' loneliness to credit. So she's planning to start a correspondence course for a select group.

Vigorous and professional-looking with her *pince-nez* glasses and smoothly tailored clothes, Mary Elliott, at forty-five, declares that no woman under forty has the mellowness or broad experience necessary for sympathetic consideration of every family's problems.

Prospective students must also meet other requirements: appearance, tact, ability to meet people, resourcefulness, general knowledge of business, professional and home life, ability to keep up a conversation, and most important, a broad background with plenty of ups and downs.

**Welcome Wagon**—Tho Knoxville's hostess insists she's the only one of her kind, city hostessing is at least a ten-year-old profession in its commercialized phases and a nationally organized one. Three hundred miles away, in Memphis, Mrs. Jerome Fentriss extends the glad hand for the Welcome Wagon Service's first branch, started by Advertising Executive Thomas W. Briggs, who bought the idea outright from two Texas youths.

For how much, genial Tom Briggs will not say. He prefers to talk of the business, now headquartered in New York, in terms of service to communities rather than dollars, but its value is supposed to exceed the million mark and it now has branches in 196 cities (some in Canada), 286 gracious employees and an intensive ten-day training course of its own.

Welcome Wagon is the original hostess service, it claims, but numerous independents, like Mary Elliott and Alta Gaskill, who declares she thought up the idea for Lawrence and Manhattan, Kansas, offer competition.

Mary Elliott; a glad hand for a living

These chain hostesses are hand-picked by Welcome Wagon from socially or civically prominent old-time residents.. In large cities, they get offices, assistants and a car in which to make their calls. Their routine is similar to Miss Elliott's, their pay a certain percentage of rates paid to Welcome Wagon (on basis of calls made) by the firms they represent. Some get as much as $300 to $400 a month; the average is around $200.

**Greeters**—Making strangers feel at home long has been the prerogative of pompous city officials whose cordiality is traditionally gaged by the visitor's importance. In the days of two Mayors—John F. Hylan and Jimmy Walker—and dashing Grover Aloysius Whalen, New York was famed for the enormity of its harbor and ticker-tape welcomes, its gold-plated keys to the city, its $2,100 engraved, embossed scrolls. But no more. Vigorous Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia lets a secretary see that a suitable committee is appointed to greet prominent guests without too much hullabaloo. Occasionally, he does it himself.

Atlantic City, however, annual host to 600 conventions, still gives away seventy-five gold-plated keys a year, and San Francisco's baldpated Mayor Angelo J. Rossi, wearing a white carnation, handshakes officially for his town. Other cities' welcomes mix conventional mayoral speeches with motorcycle police escorts.

**Ancient Practise**—Business men and diplomats long have used the social amenities to break the ice of barter. The out-of-town "contact" gets his choice of cabarets; the sultan's guest, the run of the harem.

However, the plain folks who had just arrived in town, bewildered and lonely, didn't count. Kind neighbors did their bit, local merchants befuddled them with advertising, but it was left to the bright people who thought up the city hostess idea to give organized attention.

A variation on a Whalen theme, perhaps, but it has worked.

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## Sports

# EXERCISE TAILORED TO FIT TYPE

## It Should Suit Structural Frame, Internal Organs and Mind

Do you feel tired and run-down most of the time?

Have your eyes lost their sparkle?

Is your complexion pallid?

Do you have trouble getting to sleep?

Is your appetite poor?

Are you neurotic?

To one, some, or all of these catch questions, nearly every American man and woman could, after close self-scrutiny, answer with a resigned "Yes." And thereby become a potential customer for thousands of semiquacks and full-fledged charlatans eager to peddle their "money back if it doesn't cure you" electric belts and mysterious elixirs.

But, unless you are actually ill, chances are that those cosmopolitan symptoms only indicate you are not getting enough, or are taking the wrong kind of, exercise.

**Courses**—Coincident with a long-standing idolatry of champion athletes, and an ever-mounting mania for competitive sports of all kinds, millions of Americans are daily expressing their growing interest in keeping fit by playing games, or by taking radio, newspaper, magazine, mail-order, book or personally-supervised exercise courses.

For the many more millions of bankers, clerks, stenographers and other white-collar workers who are not exercising sufficiently or correctly, the principal deterrent is ignorance of what to do. There are almost as many exercises as there are things to eat. A program beneficial to one may harm another.

Before taking any exercise, experts agree, men and women should have a thorough physical examination to determine whether it is necessary or advisable. Then, having embarked on an ambitious schedule of health-building, they should obey the physical culturists' pet advice: moderation and regularity.

As *passée* as bustles, the not-so-ancient notion that bulging muscles are the end and proof of good physical training has been replaced in recent years by a more scientific theory advocating exercises for the mind as well as the body.

"I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE, MR. INSTRUCTOR—YESTERDAY I HAD A HAMBURGER BETWEEN MEALS"

—By Jo Metzer. Courtesy McNaught Syndicate

One of the foremost exponents of the new school of thought is a New York City physician, Dr. C. Ward Crampton, whose fifty years of physical education experience started when, at the age of nine, he organized the Star Athletic Club. Former athlete, coach and trainer, Doctor Crampton has written prolifically and authoritatively on keeping fit. His latest book, "The Boy's Book of Strength" (Whittlesey House; $2), was published last month.

Man, writes Doctor Crampton in an earlier book, "Physical Exercise for Daily Use," has three main parts: structural framework, internal organs and the mind. Consequently, three kinds of exercises should be used, corresponding to these three parts.

The anatomical structure of the body, the framework of bones, ligaments and muscles, demands exercise to keep it straight and strong. Doctor Crampton calls them anatomical exercises.

His physiological, or organic, exercises are designed to stimulate and strengthen the activity of the internal organs which conduct the physical life of man—the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys and digestive tract and glands.

Finally, exercises can and should be interesting and entertaining, not boring. (Last week Ralph Titus, Director of Physical Education at the Winfield, Kansas, High School, introduced this psychological element by having his boys roll around the gym floor on scooters instead of exercising on parallel bars and other standard equipment.)

**Three Parts**—Every exercise has anatomical, physiological and psychological elements present in varied proportions.

A hollow chest, drooping shoulders, hanging head, muddy complexion and bulging stomach are indications of anatomical distortion. To raise the slouch into a posture of health and enable the internal organs to function normally, certain muscles must be contracted in the proper way.

But looks are often deceiving. You may have powerful muscles and a back like a ramrod and still be in poor physical shape. The heart, lungs, stomach, liver, intestines and endocrine organs may be weak. It takes muscular exercise to make them strong.

When a muscle contracts, it uses up oxygen and food stored within it. Blood-vessels and muscles, while exercising, contain six to eight times more blood than muscles at rest. The heart and lungs must work faster to make up the deficit of blood and oxygen. Consequently, muscular exercise is heart and lung exercise. It is also liver, intestinal and endocrine gland exercise.

**Start in Bed**—The exercises designed by Doctor Crampton are probably used by more people than any other system in this country. The first three are taken in bed, the fourth sitting, and the last standing.

"All systems of morning exercise hitherto presented assume that you are out of bed standing on the floor in your pajamas with a happy smile on your face," writes Doctor Crampton. "This is a mistake."

"You are in bed, very comfortable and

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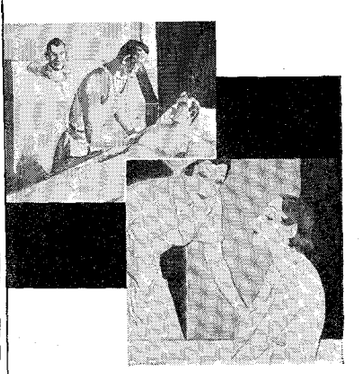

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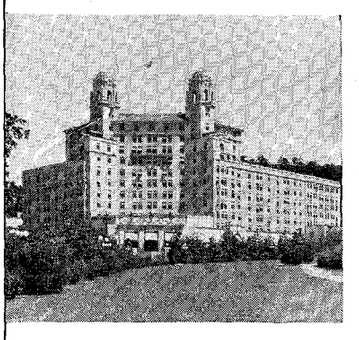

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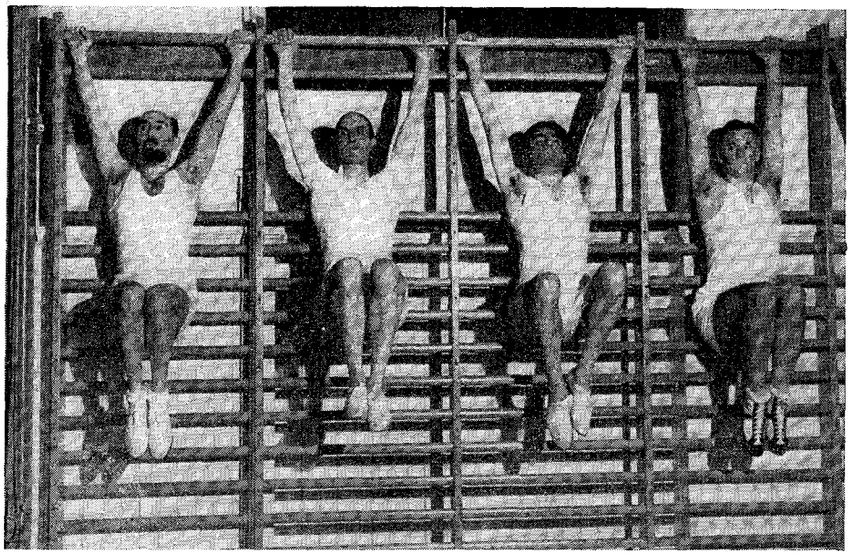


Pictures, Inc.

Gymnasium exercises for tired business men should be entertaining

intending to stay there. The morning exercise should start where you are. It should begin just where you find yourself and gradually wake you up, little by little, each exercise adding power for the next one until you are up and going, ready for anything."

Morning exercise should not be vigorous. Most people, trying to do too much, do themselves more harm than good. Like an automobile, the human body should be started and warmed up gradually.

**Stretch**—First of the three exercises taken in bed is the Stretch. With fists clenched tightly, place the hands on the shoulders. Take a deep breath, lifting the chest. Push the head back. Bend the body to the right; raise the left arm up and the right arm out; and s-t-r-e-t-c-h. Twist the body about, straightening out the arm and finally letting the breath go as the stretch comes to an end. Repeat, bending to the left.

The next exercise, started immediately, is Pumping. Lying flat and relaxed, pull the chest up as far as possible while the abdomen becomes hollow. Don't breathe for six counts. On the seventh and eighth counts, make the chest small and the abdomen large. Stop after three times and breathe. Gradually increase until you can do five pumps without stopping. From fifteen to twenty-five in all are enough.

Next on the schedule is the Kick-Up. Still lying on the back, raise the right knee to the chest and kick the bed-clothes over the foot of the bed. Then bend the left knee and kick the rest of them over. Raise both legs up straight, let them fall over the side of the bed, and sit up.

**Sitting**—Churning, done from a sitting position, is the hardest to learn and the easiest to do. Wear a belt with the buckle in front. The trick is to make a big circle with the buckle without moving the head.

To get the knack of Churning, first practise front and back movements only, then side-to-side. From ten to twenty full circles each way round are sufficient.

The Tickle Toe, or Air-plane exercise, is done standing erect, with the feet twenty-four inches apart. Stretch the arms sideward just a little higher than the shoulders. Swing them around to the right, twisting the body at the same time, then swing back to the left, as far as possible. On the third count, bend forward and touch the opposite foot. Repeat for the other side. Ten or twelve times are enough.

The hopping exercise calls for the Side Rocker and Pep Hops. Rocking from side to side, take two hops on each foot alternately. Twenty-four to thirty-six hops are enough. For the second series, hop on the left foot eight counts, then on the right eight counts. Left four, right four, left two, right two, winding up with a run for four counts. Once or twice should do.

Last on the morning program is the Star-Gazer, designed to straighten the back and raise the head. Clasp the hands behind the head and pull it forward on count one. Bring it front on count two, look up on three, and push it as far back as possible on four. Hold the position for four more slow counts, with the chest high, take two long breaths, and then repeat the whole business slowly three times.

**Schedule**—Because of individual characteristics and needs, no standard schedule of exercise for an entire day is practical. It's more or less a matter of every man for himself. But, as a working plan, Doctor Crampton several years ago devised a chart of Typical Deficiencies and Corrective Exercises for five types of workers.

**Scholar**—Stoop shoulders; hollow chest; weak muscles; small, weak heart. Thinks play is trivial and gradually "dries up." He needs: Vigorous setting-up exercises each morning and evening. Daily walk for forty-five minutes. Heavy workout three times a week. Weekly half-day recreation out of doors necessary.

**Machinist**—Chest bound by excessive muscle work. Large muscles; limited organic power; cramped internal organs. He needs: Daily setting-up exercises necessary for neck and anatomical correction. Twenty-minute walk each morning and night. Boxing and wrestling twice a week. Weekly half-day hike out of doors.

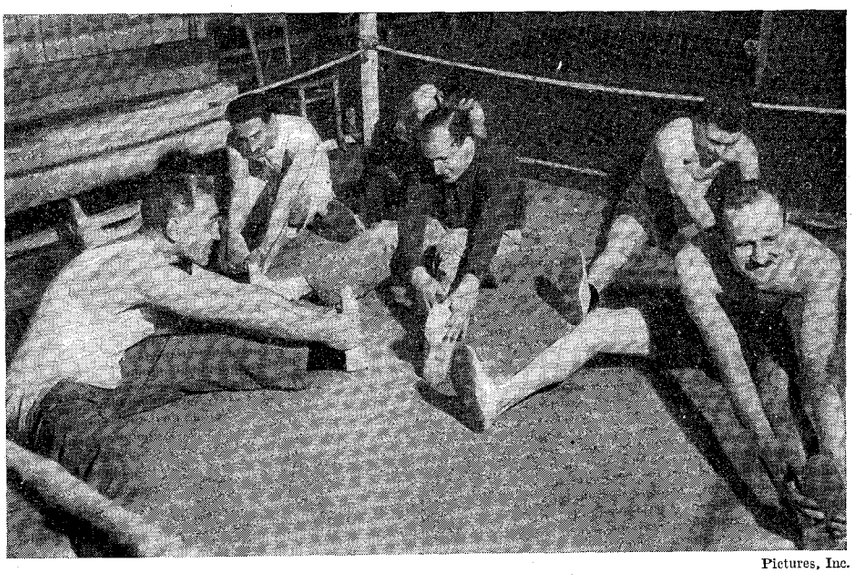
**Postman**—Body slumps from constant wear. Abdomen weak and bulging; muscles, heart and other organs worn, but sound within limits. Psychologically he is weary. He needs: Setting-up exercises each morning and evening vital to correct slump. Walking not needed for exercise. Heavy work-out necessary twice a week for short periods. Should stay indoors for weekly half-day.

**Laborer**—Muscle-bound; slumps from weariness; abdomen weak. Bodily organs tissue-bound by work; lose elasticity; too hard in spots; too soft in others. Tired, stolid. He needs: Abdominal muscles especially require daily setting-up exercises. Daily walk may be omitted if work is in fresh air. Heavy work-out not needed. Should go out of town and recreate half-day weekly.

**Office Executive**—Chest stiffened; abdomen bulging; fat "has-been;" muscles weak; heart small and weak, or large with hard arteries; organs soft. Psychologically too serious and too tense; lacks real fellowship. He needs: Daily setting-up exercises morning and night essential. Daily walk necessary, at moderate pace. Moderate work-out of game type twice a week vital. Two half-days out of doors at golf or its equivalent.

**McGovern**—Characteristic of Americans' surging interest in problems of keeping physically fit is the huge investment in private gymnasia throughout the country. Last fall, Artie McGovern, former boxer and trainer of more celebrities than any other man in America, opened the world's largest (25,000 square feet) and most lavish ($500,000) private gym in the world.

Occupying an entire floor of an office



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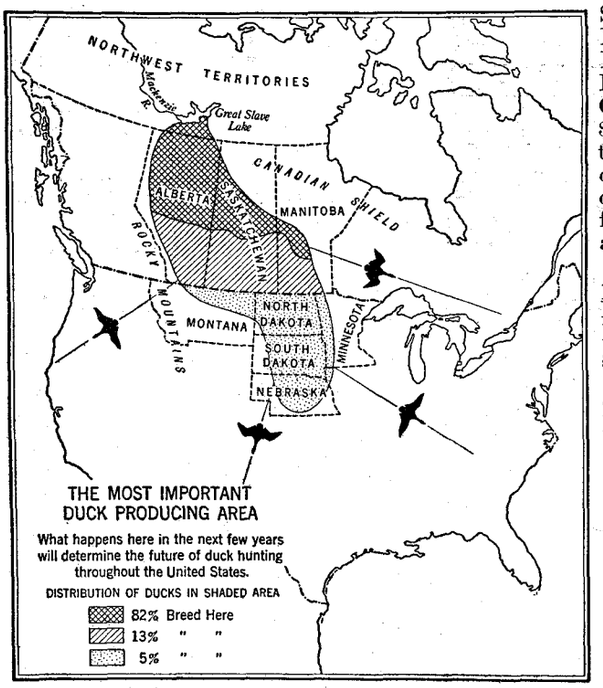



building in the center of New York City's financial district, the McGovern establishments boasts luxuriously-appointed, air-conditioned exercise and lounge rooms, a private laundry and individual instructors for every patron.

Its proprietor, who gave up boxing twenty-six years ago because of a "tin ear," still looks as if he could handle himself creditably in the ring. Small, compactly built, he illustrates his almost constant flow of conversation with occasional feints and blocks. Like most other trainers, he continually urges moderation and regularity in exercise. Doesn't have any use for business men who overdo it on week-ends.

"You'll be better off if you spend the week-end in bed than if you try to crowd seven-days' exercise into two," he says. "It's just as foolish as trying to eat enough on Sunday to last you all week."

## HUNTER'S SCARE: Rehabilitation Necessary to Maintain Annual Duck Flight

Unless something is done, and done quickly, duck-shooting in the United States will very soon be as obsolete as bison-hunting.

On that point, at least, sportsmen, strict conservationists, and the Federal Government have for some years been in complete accord. The major disagreement has concerned the problem of what to do.

After an intensive five-year study, More Game Birds, Inc., a non-profit organization of American sportsmen, has discovered not only the answer, but a practical remedy which, under the meaningful corporate title, Ducks Unlimited, may rapidly restore the sport to its former stature.

**Breeding**—The future of duck-shooting in the United States depends almost entirely upon the condition of the great breeding-grounds in Canada. Ninety-five per cent. of the birds which annually wing fanwise over the complex American flyways in quest of warm winter feeding-spas come from the Canadian Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. (See map.)

The other 5 per cent. breed in the United States, mainly in the Dakotas and Nebraska. In cooperation with the Biological Survey, the Government has spent $20,700,000 to protect those areas against future droughts and boost their duck productivity. Thus far, results have been astonishing.

Two years ago, the upper and lower Souris River section of North Dakota, once one of the greatest duck factories in this country, was dry and desolate. Ducks must have water. They feed on mollusks, shellfish, small frogs, insects, roots and seeds of aquatic plants. Consequently, they avoided the Souris River area.

But last spring, northbound ducks honked gleefully at the novel sight of water and succulent marshland, restored by CCC workers. At the end of the breeding season last fall, surveyors of the lower Souris Refuge (46,170 acres) counted 500,000 ducks. Two years ago there were none.

Fifty-three other Government-created duck refuges, mostly in the North Central States, have produced almost equally startling results.

**Canada Aids**—No matter how much is accomplished in this country, however, the net effect will be almost insignificant unless similar steps are taken in Canada.

More Game Birds, Inc., found Canadian Provincial authorities willing to cooperate, but frankly lacking in money to spend. The Foundation agreed to underwrite preliminary expenses to launch Ducks Unlimited on its task of raising funds from sportsmen and business organizations.

The money contributed will be spent to reclaim the breeding-areas threatened or destroyed by drought and erosion. Most ducks, whether of the sea or the river-pond variety (each with approximately seventy species), build their feather-lined nests near water, annually lay from six to sixteen eggs, and wait patiently for the hatching period four weeks later.

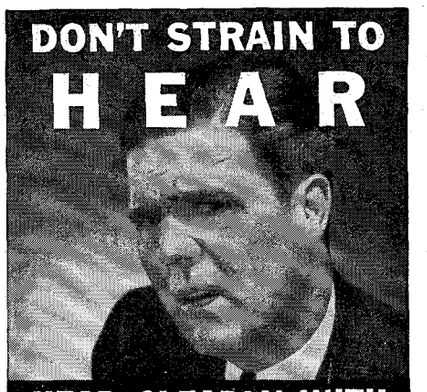
**Safeguards**—In the scoop-shaped northern Canadian area, where 82 per cent. of the ducks breed, the money will be spent to set aside permanent sanctuaries and preserve the present high productivity rate by eliminating marsh fires, preventing duck disease, regulating water-levels, and controlling crows and other predators.

In the southern and civilized region from which the ducks have gradually been pushed by agriculture and drought, attempts will be made to reclaim land and make it produce more than its present 13 per cent. It should. For the total area is 210,000 acres, compared to the 240,000 of the northern district.

**Cost**—How much will it cost to improve and supervise 1,000,000 acres of land, and carry on countless activities elsewhere?

The More Game Birds Foundation estimates the whole program can be completed in five years, at an average cost of less than $600,000 a year.

Eventually, the Foundation announces, the cost per bird produced will show a progressive decrease until it averages about a nickel a duck.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# SNOW AND SUN REDUCE CITRUS YIELD

## Opposites Assail California and Florida Farming Areas

From Los Angeles, where belated winter cold toppled temperatures to lowest levels in fifteen years, Eddie Cantor last week quipped into a microphone: "This isn't Los Angeles weather. A wind blew it down from San Francisco."

Radio listeners in New York, where it rained; in Chicago, where it was clear and blustery, heard the wise-crack and laughed.

In the citrus-fruit-growing counties girdling Los Angeles, 45,000 men and women who live by growing, picking and shipping oranges, lemons and grapefruit also heard a radio voice discuss the weather, but they did not laugh. The radio voice belonged to Floyd Young, U. S. Weather Bureau frost expert at Pomona.

He warned of continued frost, which meant he warned of continued disaster. For a cold snap, if severe enough, can kill young trees. The "great freeze" of 1913 did just that. A severe snap can split the bark and strip the trees of foliage. It can not only ruin the current crop, but impoverish the next. Nor does the frost have to be of record proportions to strike terror in the citrus country. Juice in ripe oranges freezes at 27 degrees.

Last week's frost touched 12 degrees in some localities.

**Radio Warning**—At stake when the frost struck was $100,000,000 worth of citrus-fruit throughout southern California. So the radio warning was a tocsin call. In Los Angeles, Orange and Riverside Counties, in San Bernardino and Ventura, where 85 per cent. of California's citrus-fruit is grown, throughout the citrus country, growers mobilized a frost-fighting army of 200,000. It included wives, children, Mexican pickers, college students from neighboring campuses.

Swiftly, the army moved into action with its chief defensive weapon, the smudge-heater. The heater is a galvanized can equipped with a flue, and holds nine gallons of oil. The burner produces a cloud of smoke so thick that it dims the sun like an eclipse, soils housewives' linen. Four million heaters were turned on, full blast.

In the Imperial Valley, the smudge-cloud became so dense an air-plane lost its way, had to make a forced landing. At Long Beach street lights remained burning all morning. Street-cars and automobiles turned on headlights.

Sleepers in the citrus belt awoke with black oil mustaches lining their upper lips. The smudgy air had penetrated even closed windows.

Altho most heaters burn oil, about 200,000 burn fuel briquets. Unable to obtain this fuel for their heaters, some ranchers wrapped their trees in blankets, even burned hay between the rows of trees.

**Different**—At Duarte, California, N. M. Meeker proudly started up the two air-plane motors he has mounted on two towers. His propellers whip up the warm air produced by a battery of heaters, waft it through the groves, and raise the temperature six degrees.

In one night of frost-fighting, growers burned 2,700 car-loads or 27,000,000 gallons of oil. Oil costs 3½ cents a gallon. The bill for fuel alone promised to top $2,000,000.

Several days after temperatures had returned to normal and growers had washed smudge-smoke from their nostrils and from their linen, cooperative marketing organizations estimated the loss. The frost had destroyed 15 to 20 per cent. of the citrus crop. Which means that it had destroyed from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 of fruit.

**Florida Hit**—California produces the bulk of the nation's oranges and lemons. But Florida produces a respectable share of citrus-fruits, too. It contributes 33 per cent. of the oranges and 71 per cent. of the grapefruit. California's weather always interests Florida. But last week Florida growers found enough weather trouble in their own State to worry about. Ironically, Florida's trouble was heat, not cold.

Excessive and prolonged heat was threatening to ripen Florida fruit prematurely. Unless cool winds came, oranges, grapefruit and tangerines (Florida grows few lemons), which ordinarily ripen in May or June, would either fall unpicked or glut markets that were as yet not ready to absorb them.

In California, growers had estimated that for the crop year ending October 1, their groves would yield 100,000 car-loads of oranges, lemons and grapefruit: 20,000 cars of lemons, 75,000 car-loads of oranges, and about 5,000 car-loads of grapefruit. Now this was markedly reduced.

**Consumer**—How would this affect American consumers who eat more than seventy-five pieces of citrus-fruit per capita?

Prices probably would remain the same because, even with curtailed production, growers in California and Florida would be able to meet demand. California citrus acreage has steadily increased, has menaced the citrus-fruit price structure and provided the industry with its biggest headache.

**Farms Available**—If you are undaunted by reports of overproduction of citrus-fruits in California, and wish to become a grower of California oranges and lemons on an average scale, you need $25,000 capital.

With this you could buy a ten to fifteen-acre grove already bearing fruit in southern California. You would buy a grove already bearing fruit, since you would not want to plant young trees and wait seven to ten years for them to bear commercially. Your $25,000 fruit-ranch would contain about 1,000 trees and a home, and about $5,000 worth of equipment.

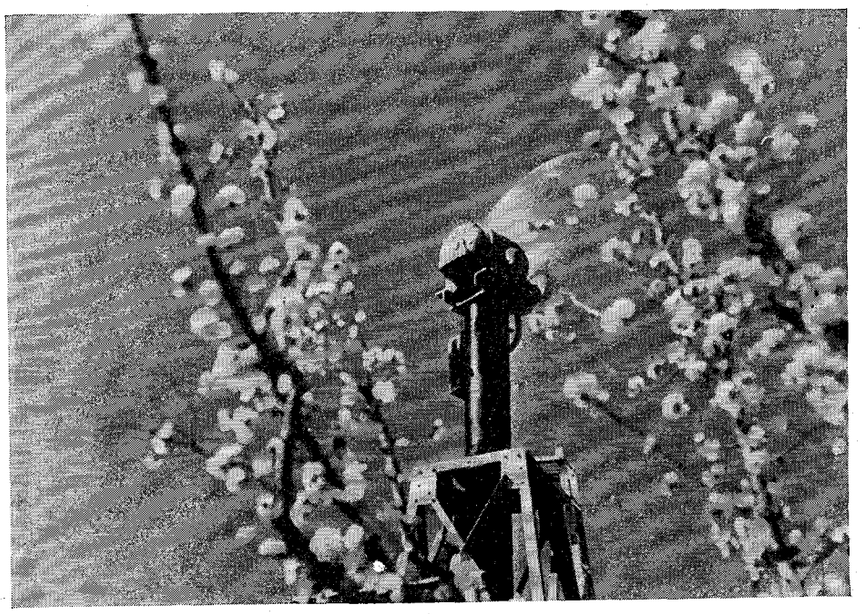
You would find that there are 18,000 other growers in California and many of them, perhaps your neighbors, are of urban rather than rural origin. Among them you would find retired teachers, doctors, salesmen.

**Output**—You would find, also, that you had the choice of growing two kinds of oranges, the Valencia and the Washington Navel. If you bought a grove near the coast, you probably would raise Valencias, which ripen from April to November, which contain about two or three seeds, and have more juice than the seedless navel. The navel orange is grown mostly in the interior, is being picked now, and, besides being seedless, is noted for its high, tangy taste.

**Operation**—For your first year's operating costs, you would have to figure about $250 an acre annually for fighting bugs and blight, for irrigation and cultivating. Irrigation usually costs about $40 an acre, takes place from May to October, by means of underground pipes which bring water down from mountain streams.

An acre will yield about 200 boxes of fruit, and, if you made what the average grower earned last year, you would have about $1,000 for your year's labor. But, of course, you would have your rent free; tho last year saw a huge crop, and growers were lucky to escape losses.

If you were worried about your talents as a grower or manager or marketer, you would be delighted to learn that, aside from frost, you would have few worries. An irrigation company would water your acres, a



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Propellers waft warm air through thirty acres of oranges at a cost of 40 cents per hour



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spraying and gassing company would fight insect and plant pests. As for packing and marketing, you would have at your service the shrewdest and most seasoned experts that the country's largest agricultural cooperative, the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, could hire. Presumably, you would be a member of the Exchange, because 13,500 of California's 18,000 citrus growers are members, and the Exchange markets 95 per cent. of the State's lemons, 75 per cent. of its oranges.

**Advertising**—As a member of the Exchange you would be highly interested in the activities of Wayland B. Geissinger, its advertising manager. Geissinger, a one-time newspaper reporter, is husky and solemn and spends $2,000,000 of the growers' money annually to make "Sunkist" a household word.

Associated Press "wirephoto" from Pictures, Inc.

Oily smudge-clouds save the fruit from frost

Mr. Geissinger's advertising campaigns will interest you for several reasons. First, because you pay 12 cents a box on lemons, 7 cents on navels, 5 cents on Valencias, 3 cents on grapefruit to finance the campaigns. Second, because Mr. Geissinger's advertising has stirred up a whopping dispute with Florida growers.

The dispute began when Sunkist advertisements proclaimed "California navel orange-juice is 22 per cent. richer in Vitamin C and 152 per cent. richer in Vitamin A than Florida oranges." Incensed Florida growers whose $160,000 a year advertising budget (only 21 per cent. of Florida growers are in co-ops) falls far short of California's impressive outlay, threatened libel suits against newspapers carrying this advertising. As a result, something like one of every two papers refused to carry Mr. Geissinger's advertising. Now, about thirty newspapers carry the Sunkist vitamin message.

**Personalities**—Best known to citrus-growers in California are Paul Stuart Armstrong, forty-four-year-old head of the Exchange, and Charles C. Teague, the President. Armstrong weighs well over 200-pounds and smokes black cigars proportionate to his weight.

In his office in the Sunkist Building in Los Angeles, Armstrong takes lunch at his desk, works right through until 6 o'clock, gets $22,000 yearly salary. President Teague, who has just been reelected President for the seventeenth consecutive year, is sixty-four, gets no pay for his President's job.

The orange-grower has no direct contact with either Manager Armstrong or President Teague.

**Organization**—The grower's point of contact, instead, is with his local packing association, 210 in all, which in turn are responsible to district exchanges (seventeen in all), which in turn head up in the potent California Fruit Growers' Exchange. The grower exerts control on the Exchange, however, by helping elect the twenty-six directors who constitute its board.

The packing associations pick and pack the fruit for the growers on a *pro-rata* cost basis.

The district exchanges, usually housed in modest quarters and employing no more than a manager and four or five clerical assistants, decide how many car-loads to ship, where to ship them and at what price. The district exchange manager's job is the key job in the entire cooperative set-up.

**Marketing**—His chief worry is to sell at the best price. And his efforts are complicated by such questions as: How big are the Florida shipments? How big is the outturn of lemons from Italy? What is the outturn of other fruits that compete with citrus-fruits, such as strawberries?

The decisions of the district manager are coordinated by the sales organization of the Central Exchange in Los Angeles. On this vital department the Exchange spends $1,500,000 annually. The department gathers information and sends the orders that control the movements of some 2,000 car-loads of fruit. The sales department's job is to market at the highest possible price an average of 220 car-loads of fruit daily throughout the year.

Besides the sales division, the Exchange includes a large clerical and technical staff, whose most important members are researchers who develop new uses for citrus-fruits, new methods for packing and cultivating the fruit.

**Acreage Increase**—More important, currently, than problems of improving fruit and marketing it, is the problem of increasing acres.

In the last decade, for example, they have increased 67,000, and since it takes orange-trees from six to ten years to mature, these new acres will be coming into production right up through 1946.

The season of 1930-'31 brought a lavish citrus crop, 69,400 car-loads. But last year saw even a more lavish crop—80,000 car-loads.

Yet by the grace of favorable developments (shortage of Italian lemons, Florida freeze and hard work), the Exchange was able to market the last year's record crop without a disastrous fall in prices.

## INSTALMENT ILLS: Doctors and Dentists' Bills Paid on Contract Basis

Doctors and dentists' bills in metropolitan New York may now be paid in instalments, similar to payments for a radio or car.

An expectant mother, a patient bothered with tonsils, appendix or bad teeth need no longer pay the doctor in one lump sum. Instead, a bill-paying organization known as the Professional Service Credit Association will pay the doctor or dentist,

PIPE SWEETNESS

Little cubes that fit in your pipe and absorb all the juice and bad taste. Make any pipe sweet and clean, dry and mellow, and keep it that way always. Try a PYKO Cube in your pipe.

FREE To get 2 PYKO Cubes, a valuable pipe reamer, and pamphlet, "How and Why of Pipe Smoking," send this ad and 10c (coin or stamps), to cover mailing cost to PYKO, Dept. D-2, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GOVT. SOCIAL SECURITY JOBS

and many other 1937 Government Jobs for men-women, age 18-50. Good salaries. Get ready now for entrance test. Details Free.
INSTRUCTION SERVICE, Dept. 135, St. Louis, Mo.

Cuticura Ointment Helps Distressing Skin Conditions
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The Club Woman's Handybook of Parliamentary Law
By Kate Louise Roberts, and Ruter William Springer

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collect from the patient in four to twenty monthly payments.

The patient fills out a loan application in his doctor's office, involving neither co-makers nor collateral. The doctor then sends it to the association, which remits his full fee, less carrying charges. The patient makes monthly payments to the association.

In 1932, Sherman Amsden, Managing Director of the association, operated the Doctors' Telephone Service, which, for an annual fee of $200, answered telephone calls of suburban New York physicians absent from the offices.

Business was poor. Amsden found it difficult to collect from many of his physician clients because they in turn had trouble in collecting from patients. On the average, they succeeded in collecting between 50 and 60 per cent. of the fees charged.

This set Amsden to thinking. If he could help his clients collect, they could pay him.

The Professional Service Credit Association, Inc., was the result.

**Clients**—To-day, Amsden serves 15,000 clients whom he has helped to meet $2,000,000 worth of doctors and dentists' bills owed to 3,000 doctors.

Loans vary upward from $40. Once the association financed a $3,000 fee. Average fee amounts to $250; average time of repayment, seven months.

Carrying charges vary from 7 per cent. for four months to 15 per cent. for twenty months. Originally, the association charged patients interest. Patients, however, objected to this, reasoned that formerly they could delay paying their doctors without paying interest. Now doctors and dentists gladly pay interest charges in order to obtain promptly the greater portion of their fee.

Patients are essentially honest, the association finds. Collections run about 98 per cent. Of the 2 per cent. uncollected, the bulk results from economic misfortune, not evasion. In such cases, the time of repayment is usually extended, enabling the patient to remit smaller monthly payments. Almost never does the association take legal action against a delinquent. More likely, the physician makes up the uncollected payment out of his own fee.

Low-salaried patients are not the sole borrowers. Social Registerites and others in high income brackets find this deferred-payment method convenient.

Persons in need of plastic surgery form the greater share of Mr. Amsden's clients because plastic surgery fees run high and spot cash is usually demanded before the operation. People needing dental treatment also bulk large among his clients. Next come patients with chronic diseases. Expectant mothers seldom need Mr. Amsden's services. They know of the expense that lies ahead, make plans accordingly.

## AMERICA LEARNS: War Mobilization Machinery Nears State of Perfection

Twenty - two thousand Americans "climbed out of financial obscurity into the class of millionaires" through the last War. To the Government they sold 700,000 assorted items, from ammunition to *zwieback*.

Two leaders of the Seventy-fifth Congress don't want such history to repeat itself. That is why Senator Morris Sheppard, Texas Democrat and Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, and Representative Lister Hill, Alabama Democrat and Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, are submitting identical bills, S. 25 and H. R. 2, to their legislative groups.

Both are designed "to prevent profiteering in time of war and to equalize the burdens of war and thus provide for the national defense and promote peace." Transition from peace to war in 1917 and *vice versa* in 1919 brought terrific shocks to America's economic structure. *Uncle Sam* doesn't want to be caught napping twice.

**Speed!**—If there is a next time, the War and Navy Departments want a "minimum of confusion, waste and loss." Since modern warfare is a totalitarian proposition, industry, as well as man-power, must be mobilized at the drop of a helmet.

Because plants must be fully equipped before starting production, it used to take months to make cannons, for example, in quantity. This was true to a lesser degree of tanks, planes, projectiles and other essential weapons.

The A.E.F. did not use artillery or tanks stamped "Made in U.S.A." Aviators called the few planes "over there" "flying coffins." The Allies had to provide combat planes, tho America poured out millions trying to make its own. The year and a half the United States was at war did not give it time to manufacture its own models of tanks, field guns and rifles. Allied designs were used.

Mobilization of industry before war is something new to American legislation, tho, all over the world, General Staffs have their industrial sections. Framers of the National Defense Act of 1920 took procurement of supplies away from the General Staff Corps brass hats and put it under a civilian—the Assistant Secretary of War. For the past fifteen years, the War Department has been surveying industry quietly.

**Survey Made**—Since 1920, more than 20,000 factories have been surveyed and 12,000 of these selected as possible contractors for the Army's purchasing-list of 200,000 articles—no 500,000 items for profiteering as in 1917-'18. Where all these can be obtained, and in what quantity, is down in black and white.

This list is kept current, revised every two years by a staff of fifty officers (quartermasters and ordnance experts) on four-year detail and seventy-five civilian technicians. This whole plan has been drafted to avoid the terrific price fluctuations of two decades ago, when different arms of the Army and Navy were bidding against one another.

To use present plant capacities without much expansion of equipment is the objective. The basic idea is to cause as little dislocation of ordinary industrial routine as possible.

With industrial mobilization, the drain on plant capacity should not be increased more than the difference in operation during boom times over depression years. Requirements are estimated on half a factory's output, with the other half set aside for civilian use.

In other words, the Army doesn't want to go to such extremes as it was obliged to twenty years ago, when it became style-arbiter on shortened skirts to save silk for powder-bags. Silk is just another strategic raw material to the military mind.

Viewed from the standpoint of natural resources and industrial organization, the United States is the world's greatest potential fighting-machine. Modern war has nine basic essentials—chemicals, coal, iron ore, steel, oil, power, machinery, manufacturing prowess and food. In every one of these America excels, the only nation with all these essentials within continental borders.

Other useful raw materials in which America is self-sufficient are: nickel, tungsten, antimony, mercury, platinum, mica, nitrates, hides, camphor, shellac, coco, silk, jute, manilla fiber, sisal, wool, nutshells, coffee and sugar.

Taking these as an arbitrary index, experts have calculated that the United States rates 22.35. Other ratings are: Germany, 6.20; France, 5.37; Russia, 4.95; Britain, 4.50; Italy, 1.92 and Japan, 1.77. Even the whole British Empire lacks seven vital materials.

In American warehouses there are good stocks of ten other important war commodities: aluminum, copper, cotton, lead, phosphates, potash, rubber (can be made synthetically, too), sulfur, tin and zinc.

America is short in only two vital raw materials—chromium and manganese—but these stocks are being mobilized.

## RAILROADS: ICC May Now Say "I Told You So" on Rate Reduction

Early last year, the Interstate Commerce Commission stirred a hornet's nest of protest among Eastern railroad officials by ordering the reduction of passenger fares to 2 cents a mile for day coaches, 3 cents a mile for Pullmans. The order became effective June 1. To justify its action, the Commission pointed to Western and Southern roads which had experimented with lower fares and thereby increased revenues substantially.

Promptly, twenty-three dissenting Eastern roads sued in the Federal courts, argued that the meager passenger revenues they were then receiving would decline still further. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. alone among the big carriers welcomed the Commission's order.

Last week, the Interstate Commerce Commission could say, "I told you so." The Association of American Railroads disclosed a 22.6 per cent. earnings increase for ninety-five Class I companies for December, 1936, over the corresponding month of 1935, reflecting the increase in both passenger and freight rates.

The Association estimated revenues would total $293,876,436, as against $239,708,262 for the December of 1935. December, 1936, therefore, compared favorably with 1930, the last big year. December revenues then totaled $295,804,992. Of the Association's estimates for the last month of 1936, passenger revenues accounted for $30,956,253, as against $27,457,500 in December, 1935.

The B. & O. revealed a 1936 net income of $4,533,073. (It had suffered a net loss of $3,180,909 in 1935.) For 1937, the road estimated a net income of $7,605,000.

New York Central Railroad Co. reported a net income of $8,374,336 for the first eleven months of 1936, against a loss of $4,053,682 in the same period of 1935. The Reading Co. reported a net income of $6,540,000 for 1936, an increase of more than $800,000 over 1935.

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# Mail

(Continued from page 2)

Sir:—The new LITERARY DIGEST is to be complimented for its frank articles on subjects ranging from social diseases to advertising promotion. In a most enlightened way, you are helping to overcome much of the ignorance and primitive mysticism that beclouds human affairs.
New York City. IRVING TALENT.

Sir:—My thanks for the present LITERARY DIGEST. You certainly are turning out the kind of magazine we need.
Kearney, Nebraska. MRS. WILLIAM LINDGREN.

Sir:—Wherever I travel these days I find people who have been reading THE LITERARY DIGEST commenting on the improvement in the publication. What's happening back there?
Tucson, Arizona. R. B. CORCORAN.
Magazine Subscriptions.

"If you were one of those people who long ago abandoned THE LITERARY DIGEST because of its somewhat fusty format and dull policy, you have a most agreeable surprize in store for you. For this bulwark among early American publications has finally adapted itself to the times, going modern in design and in treatment of news. . . .

These, combined with the sterling, dependable qualities no one ever has denied as far as THE LITERARY DIGEST is concerned, make it a weekly news magazine much to be preferred to the flashier weeklies that have proved disconcertingly unreliable in important instances."—Editorial in the Akron *Times-Press*.

"DID YOU ADVERTISE FOR A COMPANION TO SHARE EXPENSES ON A TRIP SOUTH?"
—Lichty in Brooklyn Eagle.

If *all* our loyal readers could have witnessed the tonic effect of the above bouquets on the hard-working Editors—and if they knew what tireless effort of months these same hard-working Editors have expended on making the magazine fit the Akron *Times-Press*'s generous and eloquent description—maybe *more* kind critics would take five minutes to tell us and their friends that they like us.—*Editor.*

### Poison

Sir:—I have read with interest and misgivings your article "Poison Homicides on the Wane" in the January 2 issue. I feel that the article should not have been published as written. To name such poisons and to speak of the ease with which they can be obtained and the difficulty in detecting many of them is giving valuable hints to latent evil-doers.

I regret the improvidence exhibited in this instance—in the guise of news you may be fostering and aiding our most horrible form of crime.
R. BENNETT CUNNINGHAM.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Sir:—Will you be good enough to let me know why you published your article titled "Poison Homicides on the Wane?"

It would be quite all right to elaborate on the fact as stated. But why you find it necessary to enlighten the world on all the poisons that may be used for suicidal purposes and dilate on the most popular, the surest and the most effective dosage is beyond me.

It seems to me that if there were anything that your magazine should not print, such an article would be it.
Detroit, Michigan. CARL F. CLARKE.

All the information in the article "Poison Homicides on the Wane," which deals with types of poisons, their use and effective doses, can be found in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which is available to any one contemplating either suicide or murder.—*Editor.*

### Popular Vote

Sir:—I am sure you will do a great favor to thousands of your readers by publishing the complete popular vote for President. I have a file of THE LITERARY DIGEST, covering all polls, and would like to compare it with the final election returns.
Merchantville, New Jersey. ISAAC ELWELL.

The total popular vote in the Presidential election was 45,814,377. The final official count divided the total as follows: Roosevelt, 27,752,309; Landon, 16,682,524; others, 1,379,565. The vote by States, for the two major Parties, was:

| *State* | *Roosevelt* | *Landon* |
|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 238,195 | 35,358 |
| Arizona | 86,722 | 33,433 |
| Arkansas | 146,765 | 32,039 |
| California | 1,766,836 | 836,431 |
| Colorado | 295,021 | 181,267 |
| Connecticut | 382,129 | 278,685 |
| Delaware | 69,702 | 54,014 |
| Florida | 249,117 | 78,248 |
| Georgia | 255,364 | 36,942 |
| Idaho | 126,090 | 66,499 |
| Illinois | 2,282,999 | 1,570,393 |
| Indiana | 934,974 | 691,570 |
| Iowa | 621,756 | 487,977 |
| Kansas | 464,520 | 397,727 |
| Kentucky | 541,944 | 369,702 |
| Louisiana | 292,894 | 36,791 |
| Maine | 126,333 | 168,823 |
| Maryland | 389,612 | 231,436 |
| Massachusetts | 942,716 | 768,613 |
| Michigan | 1,016,794 | 699,733 |
| Minnesota | 698,811 | 350,461 |
| Mississippi | 157,318 | 4,435 |
| Missouri | 1,111,043 | 697,891 |
| Montana | 156,339 | 61,606 |
| Nebraska | 347,454 | 247,731 |
| Nevada | 31,938 | 11,882 |
| New Hampshire | 108,460 | 104,642 |
| New Jersey | 1,083,549 | 719,421 |
| New Mexico | 105,838 | 61,710 |
| New York | 3,293,022 | 2,180,670 |
| North Carolina | 616,151 | 223,284 |
| North Dakota | 163,148 | 72,751 |
| Ohio | 1,747,122 | 1,127,709 |
| Oklahoma | 501,069 | 245,122 |
| Oregon | 266,733 | 125,977 |
| Pennsylvania | 2,353,788 | 1,690,300 |
| Rhode Island | 164,541 | 124,420 |
| South Carolina | 113,791 | 1,646 |
| South Dakota | 160,137 | 125,977 |
| Tennessee | 328,083 | 146,516 |
| Texas | 734,485 | 103,711 |
| Utah | 150,246 | 64,555 |
| Vermont | 62,144 | 81,027 |
| Virginia | 234,980 | 98,366 |
| Washington | 459,579 | 206,892 |
| West Virginia | 502,582 | 325,358 |
| Wisconsin | 802,984 | 380,828 |

### Men's Dormatories

Sir:—Many a University of Chicago Casanova resents your remark in the December 26 issue that "women are barred from students' rooms at any time, chaperoned or unchaperoned."

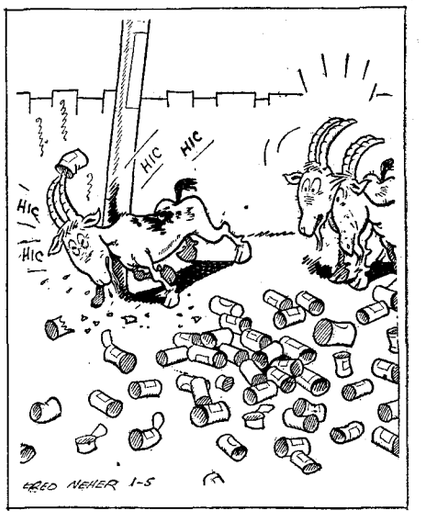
Women are known to adorn the private rooms of the college residence halls for men until 8 P. M.—with permission of the entry heads. Not always is permission gotten; not always do women leave during the night.

Moreover, students may live in any sort of apartment-house: I, for example, live in an apartment-hotel; other guests here are doctors, nurses, married couples, stenographers, actresses, *etc.*

You may take my word for it that students live here—as at most large universities—in mixed Bohemian style.

By the way, may I commend THE LITERARY DIGEST on its new and interesting style. The manner in which news items are made significant is excellent and, to one who has been crammed with bare fact in university work, particularly easy to read and enjoy. Would that some of my graduate professors published texts in similar style!
University of Chicago, Class of 193...

THE LITERARY DIGEST regrets that it misinterpreted social regulations along the collegiate Midway, knows that many readers will share its amazement at the exotic liberalism which apparently prevails at John D. Rockefeller-built University of Chicago. On one point, however, THE LITERARY DIGEST remains unconvinced: results of several nation-wide queries among undergraduates of major universities do *not* show them living "in mixed Bohemian style."—*Editor.*




"HE'S BEEN THAT WAY EVER SINCE THEY STARTED PUTTING BEER IN CANS."
—Fred Neher in New York Sun.

### Our Curious Readers

Sir:—Can you give me the reason as to why Charlie Chaplin's pictures were banned from Germany about two years ago?
Hammond, Indiana. EMILY LESNER.

THE LITERARY DIGEST Drama Editor lays the blame on the similarity of mustaches on the Chaplin and Hitler faces.—*Editor.*

Sir:—I have been told few Jews suffer from cancer. Can it be possible that milk carries some substance which can produce spontaneous cell development during assimilation if combined with meat proteids?
BERTHA M. BANTON.
Madison Heights, Virginia.

No possible cause of cancer has been ruled out. However, the idea that few Jews suffer from cancer is as incorrect as the similar idea that Italians, because of the garlic in their diet, do not suffer from this malignant tumor.—*Editor.*

Sir:—Can you tell me where Macaulay, in his essays, made the statement: "There is no fool like the fool who doesn't know that he doesn't know."?
La Salle, Illinois. I. A. EDE.

The quotation you are after is given as an Arabian proverb in Lady Burton's "Life of Sir Richard Burton." It is:

"Men are four:
"He who knows not and knows not he knows not, is a fool—shun him;
"He who knows not and knows he knows not, is simple—teach him;
"He who knows and knows not he knows, is asleep—wake him;
"He who knows and knows he knows, he is wise—follow him!"

### Did You Know—

That some of America's "poor, starving" writers earn from $10 to $40 an hour? (See page 30.)

That some enterprising American cities employ official hostesses to welcome visitors? (See page 32.)

That your habit of forgetting people's names may trace back to a tyrannical mother? (See page 20.)

That Denmark has neither multi-millionaires nor unemployment problems? (See page 22.)

That President Roosevelt perspired and squinted under a scorching spotlight for six days while Margaret White painted his portrait? (See page 24.)

That seven-month babies have less chance of survival than eight-month babies? (See page 17.)

That there are more than 3,000,000 heathen in the Union of South Africa? (See page 28.)

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### WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

**Citron** — Representative (D.) from Connecticut—same as the fruit.

**Dieterich** — Senator (D.) from Illinois—in two syllables: *dee'trick.*

**Focht** — Representative (R.) from Pennsylvania — rimes with *mocked.*

**Luecke**—Representative (D.) from Michigan — rimes with *spooky.*

**Lundeen** — Senator (Farm.-Lab.) from Minnesota — stress second syllable: *lun-deen'.*

**Magnuson** — Representative (D.) from Washington — stress first syllable: *mag'nu-son.*

**Rigney** — Representative (D.) from Illinois—just *rig'ny.*

**Sabath** — Representative (D.) from Illinois—as if spelled *sabbath.*

**de Molas**—artist (page 23) — silent *s*: *de mo'lah.*

# The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

## Off-Side

**Charge**—Plummer Hardy, twelve, of Norlina, North Carolina, learned that fooling with the levers on a locomotive is entirely different from playing with toy engines, when he landed in jail on a charge of attempting to steal the train.

* * *

**Record**—Since registration of births by local authorities was not wide-spread in this country before 1915, the Census Bureau will make a film of the 126,000,000 names appearing on the combined census records of 1880 and 1900 as proofs for Social Security Compensation. The census of 1890 was destroyed by fire.

* * *

**Whew!**—In North Battleford, Saskatchewan, Percy Speed wiped a light dew from his forehead as he showed neighbors a large lump of coal he had been forced to break before putting it in his furnace. Inside the lump had been a ten-inch stick of dynamite, forgotten by miners while blasting.

* * *

**Brass**—Held in default of $10,000 on a counterfeiting charge, Joseph E. Julius, former Mayor of Youngstown, Ohio, jauntily announced from the Sacramento County Jail that he would be a candidate for Mayor of Campbell, Ohio.

* * *

**Derby** — A blood brother to piling matches on bottles, scavenger hunts, etc., society at Palm Beach, Florida, has developed a rolling-chair derby, in which social leaders will push as well as be pushed.

* * *

**Chill**—In San Pedro, California, a sharp drop in temperature was so unexpected that disgusted ducks had to be chopped from icy ponds and a sleeping baby froze to its mattress.

* * *

**Cats**—Eikichi Tatsuguchi was arrested in Tokyo, Japan, charged with killing more than 1,000 cats. He had been using their stretched skins for the drumheads of banjo-like *samisens.* "Every cat looks like five yen to me," he stated.

**Solution** — "John, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak!"

"Well, do you want me to get up and oil it?"—*Koralle (Berlin).*

**Touche!**—MRS. MURPHY (concluding an argument): "Every time I look at you, Mrs. Patrick, I feel I'm doing the Government out of the entertainment tax."—*Boston Transcript.*

**Intervention** — CUSTOMER (having a rough shave): "I say, barber, have you got another razor?"

BARBER: "Yes, why?"

CUSTOMER: "I want to defend myself."—*Montreal Star.*

**Injustice**—TENANT: "This roof is so bad that it rains on our heads. How long is this going to continue?"

OWNER: "What do you think I am, a weather prophet?"—*Omaha World-Herald.*

**Clue**—SHERLOCK HOLMES: "Ah, Watson, I see you have on your winter underwear."

WATSON: "Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous! How did you ever deduce that?"

SHERLOCK: "Well, you've forgotten to put on your trousers."—*Weekly News (Aukland, N. Z.).*

**Too Much**—A marine with the reputation of being slightly sunstruck dashed into the sergeant-major's office.

"Where's the C.O.?" he asked. "I've got an idea that will make a regular post out of this dump."

"Don't tell me," smiled the sergeant-major sweetly, "that you're figuring on putting in for a transfer."—*Leatherneck.*

**Piety**—A young flying officer, stationed somewhere near Egypt, while flying near the Great Pyramids, carrying out exercises in navigation, and working with a sextant to discover his exact position, suddenly turned to the pilot and said, "Take off your hat!"

"Why?" asked the pilot.

"Because, according to my calculations, we are now inside St. Paul's Cathedral."—*Telephone Review.*

**Beneficial** — Two hefty-looking men, who, from the look of their clothes, had just finished work of a pretty rough kind, were dining in one of the all-night restaurants.

One of them was sawing violently at a piece of steak, each mouthful being won by sheer hard work. At last he came to a particularly tough piece and, turning to his mate, he said in a hoarse whisper that could be heard plainly: " 'Tain't the food wot does yer good 'ere, Joe; it's the blinkin' exercise."—*Montreal Star.*

**Definition**—Sometimes you run across a farmer who wants to know just what the Russians mean by a "kulak." Well, there may be exact definitions, but an example can be given of the "gentleman farmer," whose daughter was asked if their hens laid eggs.

"They can, of course," she replied haughtily, "but in our position, you understand, they don't have to."—*Daily Worker (New York).*

**Just Because**—A young man took his grandmother to the pictures. After ten minutes the old lady wanted to go out.

"The seat's so uncomfortable," she complained.

"No wonder," he exclaimed. "You haven't turned it down."—*Montreal Star.*

**Technicality**—The second hammered on the resined boards.

"Hit 'im, hit 'im!" he vainly entreated his principal, but the heavy-weight aspirant, hopelessly outclassed, failed to comply.

He recoiled dazedly from a vicious attack and clutched despairingly at the ring-post.

"Not with that, you fool," shouted his second, "you'll be disqualified!"—*Providence Journal.*

**Just Askin'!** — The funeral procession was moving along the village street when Uncle Abe stepped out of a store. He hadn't heard the news.

"Who they buryin' to-day?" he asked.

"Poor old Tite Harrison," said the storekeeper.

"Tite Harrison, eh? Is Tite dead?"

"You don't think we're rehearsing with him, do you?" snapped the storekeeper.—*Wall Street Journal.*

## Slips That Pass in Type

**F. K.** of Crest Road is confined to the Newton Hospital with an infested throat.—*Wellesley (Mass.) paper.*

What he needs is an exterminator, not a doctor.

**Prof. M. A. T.** will read the President's message and the men will put on a short skirt.—*Las Cruces (N. M.) paper.*

Scottish touch?

**Copies** of the new order issued by the State conversation department were received by the Shreveport division—*Shreveport (La.) paper.*

Is that where all the official chatter is coming from?

**Pavements** and, to a little lesser extent, roadways were covered with a film of lice.—*London paper.*

The citizens were fleeing for their lives.

**Treat** the family to an extra chair, the kind every one wants to rest in. Freeman Electric.—*Clay Center (Kan.) paper.*

Not *our* family.

**He** spoke as guest of honor at a dinner resented by friends here.—*Boston paper.*

Maybe he didn't like it so well himself.

BLIZZARD IN
SEVERE GRIP
OF MISSOURI
—*Poplar Bluff (Mo.) paper.*

The Show-Me boys turn the tables on the weather man.

45 KILLED IN MADRID
BY IRVING PFLAUM.
—*Dallas (Tex.) paper.*

United Press correspondent goes berserk.

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# HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

*This is the book so enthusiastically reviewed in the Literary Digest of Nov. 21, 1936 - - - in the article entitled, "How to Get Along With People."*

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR. once said: *"The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."*

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest-priced ability under the sun"? To our knowledge, none has.

*How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's new book.*

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y. M. C. A. Schools made a survey to find out the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost $25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health — and their second, how to understand and get along with people; how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to give such a course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently — yet could find none suitable.

*The book they were looking for was published on Nov. 27, and became an overnight best seller. 25,000 copies were sold last week alone. It is the most popular non-fiction book in America!*

## A New Book—the Man Behind It

This book is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People* — and is written by the one man perhaps better qualified to write it than anyone else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on getting along with people successfully. During the last 24 years he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men and women — among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on How to Influence People and on Public Speaking in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (second largest hall in New York), it is packed to capacity. Large organizations — such as The New York Telephone Co., Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., and many others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie for their executives.

This new book grew out of that vast laboratory of experience. As the panel at the top of this page shows it is as practical as 24 years' success with the problems of thousands in all walks of life can make it.

## The Case of Michael O'Neil

Michael O'Neil lives in New York City. He first got a job as a mechanic. When he married he needed more money. He tried to sell automobile trucks — but was a terrible flop.

An inferiority complex was eating his heart out. On his way to see any prospect he broke out into a cold sweat. Before he could get up courage to open an office door, he had to walk past it a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out — never knowing quite why.

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine shop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

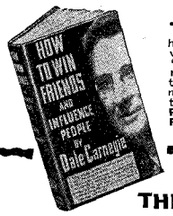
### *"It may do you some good, Mike, God knows you need it"*

He didn't want to go — afraid of being out of place. His despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Mike. God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting. Then he attended every other meeting of the course. He lost his fear, learned how to talk convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Michael O'Neil is a star salesman for one of the country's largest manufacturers of motor trucks. His income has skyrocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor he stood before 2,500 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equalled his confidence — or his reception.

Michael O'Neil's problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields — the fundamental one of *getting along with people.* He is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 15,000 others in all types of endeavor. *What Dale Carnegie has done for them he can do for you.* Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting, priceless information his book contains. But the subject is so intensely important that we say, look at this book without obligation. *Then* decide whether or not you want to own it.




The January number of "The Reader's Digest" has just devoted 10 pages to this volume—because, in their words, "From Mr. Carnegie's extensive reservoir of experience has come the wealth of anecdotes and common-sense lessons in human relations in which HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE abounds."

### THIS IS A BIG BOOK OF THIRTY-SEVEN CHAPTERS, INCLUDING:

- The Big Secret of Dealing with People
- Six Ways to Make People Like You Instantly
- An Easy Way to Become a Good Conversationalist
- A Simple Way to Make a Good First Impression
- How to Interest People
- Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking
- A Sure Way of Making Enemies—and How to Avoid It
- The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints
- How to Get Cooperation
- A Formula that Will Work Wonders for You
- The Movies Do It. Radio Does It. Why Don't You Do It?
- Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
- How to Criticize — and Not Be Hated for It
- How to Spur Men on to Success
- Making People Glad to Do What You Want
- Letters That Produced Miraculous Results
- Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier

## DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 24 years, he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

Large organizations such as:

| | |
|---|---|
| Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. | Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce |
| New York Telephone Co. | Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce |
| Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania. | Philadelphia Electric Co. |
| American Institute of Electrical Engineers, New York. | Philadelphia Gas Works Co. |
| McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., New York | Carrier Engineering Corp. |
| | Philadelphia Association of Life Underwriters |

have had this training conducted in their own offices for their executives.

This new book grew out of this vast laboratory of experience—the first and only laboratory of its kind in existence.

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### LOWELL THOMAS

**Most famous news commentator in the world, says about Dale Carnegie:**

"I have known him for 20 years. This man, by inspiring adults to blast out and smelt some of their hidden ores, has created one of the most significant movements in adult education. He is indeed a wizard in his special field."

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